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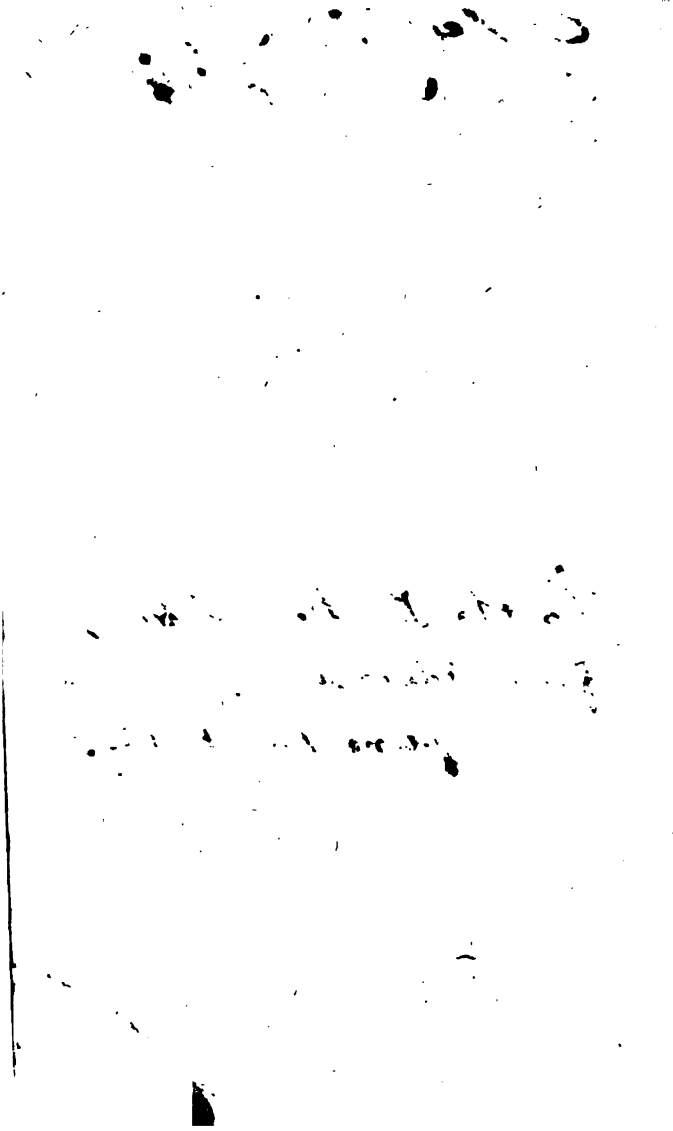
Thos Knight

Martha Marshall

1826

To the Bodleian Library,  
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# HUDIBRAS.

I N

T H R E E P A R T S.

Written in the Time of

T H E C I V I L W A R S.

B Y

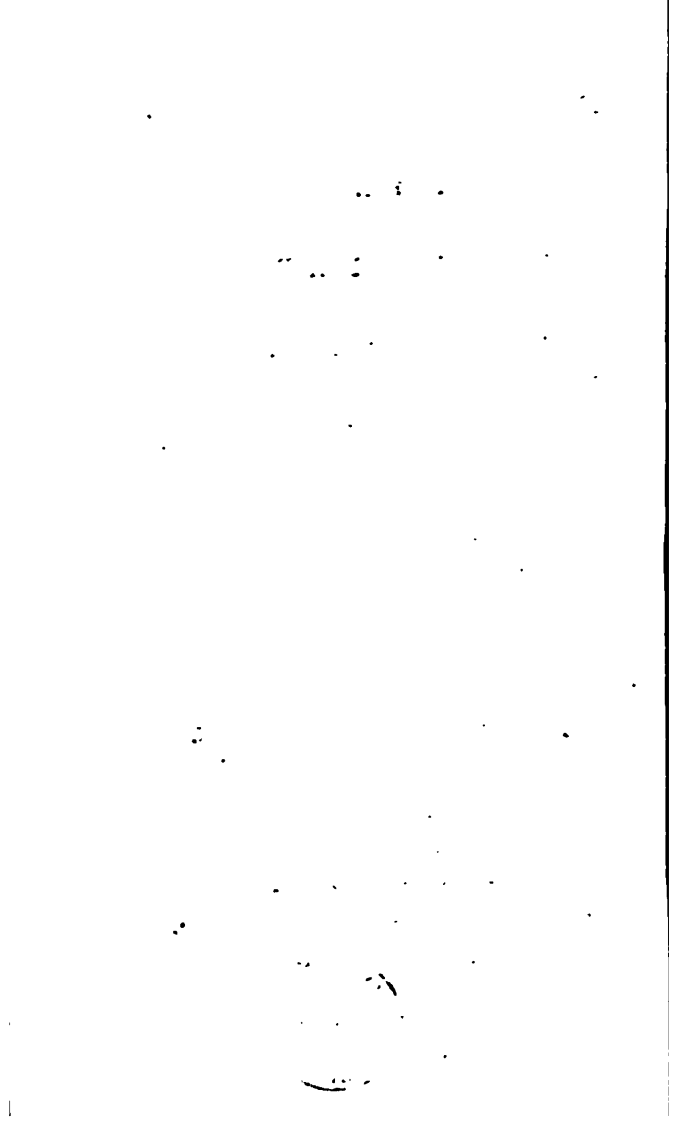
S A M U E L B U T L E R, E s q.

AN ACCURATE EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for B. LONG, and T. PRIDGEN.

M.DCC.LXXIII.



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

**P**OET *A nascitur, non fit*, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity ; It being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a Peer, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our Author wittily invokes,

Which made them, tho' it were in spite  
Of Nature, and their stars, to write.

On the other side, some who have had very little human learning\*, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are *rare avis in terris*; so when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of

A 2

\* Shakespear, D' Avenant, &c.

[illegible]

sustained by a lively sense and vivacity ; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them, &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our Author, I leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgments, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable Poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles the Second, whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors whose compositions have been eminent for wit and learning, I have been desirous to oblige them with such informations as I could receive from those who had the happiness to be acquainted with him, and also to rectify the mistakes of the Oxford Anti-quary, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, concerning him.



THE  
L I F E  
O F

SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

**S**AMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the parish of Strensham, in the county of Worcester, and baptized there the 13th of February 1612. His father, who was of the same name, was an honest country farmer, who had some small estate of his own, but rented a much greater of the lord of the manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this son of his an early inclination to learning, he made a shift to have him educated in the free school at Worcester, under Mr Henry Bright; where having passed the usual time, and being become an excellent scholar,



he went for some little time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that University, his father's abilities not being sufficient to be at the charge of an academical education: so that our Author returned soon into his native county, and became clerk to one Mr Jefferys of Earls-croom, an eminent Justice of the Peace of that county, with whom he lived some years in an easy and no contemptible service. Here, by the indulgence of a kind master, he had sufficient leisure to apply himself to whatever learning his inclinations led him, which were chiefly History and Poetry; to which, for his diversion, he joined Music and Painting; and I have seen some pictures, said to be of his drawing, which remained in that family; which I mention, not for the excellency of them, but to satisfy the reader of his early inclinations to that noble art; for which also he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr Samuel Cooper, one of the most eminent painters of his time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great encourager of learning, Elisabeth Countess of Kent; where he had not only the opportunity to consult all manner of learned books, but to converse also with that living library of learning, the great Mr Selden.

Our Author lived some time also with Sir Samuel Luke, who was of an ancient family in Bedfordshire; but, to his dishonour, an eminent commander under the usurper Oliver Cromwell; and then it was, as I am informed, he composed.

this loyal Poem. For though Fate, more than choice, seems to have placed him in the service of a Knight so notorious, both in his person and politics; yet, by the rule of contraries, one may observe throughout his whole Poem, that he was most orthodox, both in his religion and loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that time, because he had then the opportunity to converse with those living characters of rebellion, nonsense, and hypocrisy, which he so lively and pathetically exposes throughout the whole Work.

After the restoration of King Charles the Second, those who were at the helm minding money more than merit, our Author found those verses of Juvenal to be exactly verified in himself;

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi :——*

And being endued with that innate modesty which rarely finds promotion in princes' courts, he became secretary to Richard Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the principality of Wales, who made him steward of Ludlow Castle, when the court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs Herbert, a gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: she had a competent fortune, but it was most of it unfortunately lost, by being put out on ill securities, so that it was

little advantage to him. He is reported, by our Antiquary, to have been secretary to his Grace George Duke of Buckingham, when he was chancellor to the university of Cambridge: but whether that be true or no, 'tis certain the Duke had a great kindness for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that Mecænas of all learned and witty men, Charles Lord Buckhurst, the late Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, who was the first that introduced HUDIBRAS into reputation at court; for Mr Prior says (dedicated to his Poems) it was owing to him that the court tasted that Poem; it soon became the chief entertainment of the King, who often pleasantly quoted it in conversation. From this fair prospect, therefore, we might rationally conclude, that the Poet tasted plentifully of royal munificence, and that he was cherished by the Great, as well as his Poem. I am sure his wit and his loyalty equally merited reward and encouragement: but alas! upon the strictest enquiry, we shall find, that he met with neglect instead of regard; and empty delusive promises, in the room of real performances. A disregard of his friends was what King Charles has been highly blamed for; and we cannot have a stronger instance of that disregard, than his being unmindful of Mr Butler, whose Works had done eminent service to the Royal Cause, and honour to his country. It is strange that King Charles should be thus

forgetful of a man whose words were so often in his mouth, and daily afforded him a remarkable pleasure in conversation.

We are indeed informed, that Mr Butler was once in a fair way of obtaining a royal gratuity, as the following account, if true, will show. "Mr Wycherly had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered, to represent to his Grace (the Duke of Buckingham) how well Mr Butler had deserved of the Royal Family, by writing his inimitable HUDIBRAS; and that it was a reproach to the court, that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke seemed always to hearken to him with attention enough; and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr Wycherly in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day when he might introduce the modest and unfortunate Poet to his new patron: at last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was appointed to be the Roe Buck: Mr Butler and his friend attended accordingly, the Duke joined them;" but by an unlucky incident this interview was broke off. And it will always be remembered to the reproach of that learned age, that this great and inimitable Poet was suffered to live and die in want and obscurity.

The King's excessive fondness for the Poem,

and surprising \* disregard and neglect of the Author, is fully and movingly related by Mr Butler, (Hudibras at Court, see Remains) who thence takes occasion to do justice to his Poem, by hinting its excellencies in general, and paying a few modest compliments to himself; of which the following lines are worth transcribing:

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras  
 With such perfections gifted was,  
 And so peculiar in his manner,  
 That all that saw him did him honour:  
 Among the rest, this Prince was one  
 Admir'd his conversation;  
 This Prince, whose ready wit and parts  
 Conquer'd both men and women's hearts,  
 Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,  
 That he cou'd never claw it off;

\* "King Charles the Second never ordered Butler more than one gratuity, and that was Three hundred pounds, which had this compliment paid to it, that it passed all the offices without a fee, at the solicitation of Mr William Longueville of the Temple, Lord Danby being at that time High Treasurer. A proof of the great honour and honesty of our Poet is this; That upon his being ordered the Three hundred pounds above-mentioned by the King, he called to mind that he owed more than that sum to different persons, from whom he had borrowed monies, or otherwise contracted debts: for which reason he intreated Mr Longueville to pay away the whole gratuity, who accordingly did so; and Butler did not receive a shilling of it." See Butler's life, under the word Hudibras. General Hist. Dist. vol. VI. p. 299. Note.

He never ate, nor drank, nor slept,  
But Hudibras still near him kept;  
Never would go to church, or so,  
But Hudibras must with him go;  
Nor yet to visit concubine,  
Or at a city-feast to dine,  
But Hudibras must still be there,  
Or all the fat was in the fire.  
Now after all, was it not hard  
That he should meet with no reward,  
That fitted out this Knight and Squire,  
This Monarch did so much admire?  
That he should never reimburse  
The man for th' equipage, or horse,  
Is sure a strange, ungrateful thing,  
In any body but a king.  
But this good king, it seems, was told,  
By some that were with him too bold,  
If ere you hope to gain your ends,  
Careless your foes, and trust your friends---  
Such were the doctrines that were taught,  
'Till this unthinking king was brought  
To leave his friends to starve and die,  
A poor reward for loyalty.

And his claim to a Poet's imaginary immortality, is in another place (Hudibras's Epitaph, Remains) as handsomely and modestly made, as by any other poet whatsoever :

But since his Worship's dead and gone,  
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

† B

The reader is desir'd to look  
For his atchievements in his book,  
Which will preserve of Knight the tale,  
'Till time and death itself shall fail.

Mr Oldham (vol. II. 6th edit. 1703. pag. 420.) pathetically commiserates the extraordinary sufferings of our Poet, in a remarkable manner. In his Satire against Poetry, he introduces the ghost of Spencer dissuading him from it, upon experience and example, that poverty and contempt were its inseparable attendants. After Spencer has gone over his own lamentable case, and mentioned Homer and Cowley in the same view, he thus movingly bewails the great and unhappy Mr Butler:

On Butler who can think without just rage,  
The glory, and the scandal of the age?  
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,  
Met every where with welcomes of renown,  
Court'd, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,  
And promises of princely favour fed;  
But what reward for all had he at last?  
After a life in dull expectance past,  
The wretch, at summing up his mispent days,  
Found nothing left but poverty and praise;  
Of all his gains by verse, he could not save  
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave;  
Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,  
Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:  
And well might bless the fever that was sent  
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

Nor does Mr Butler stand alone in such lamentable misfortunes: Mr Spencer and Mr Cowley before him, will be indelible reproaches to the generosity of this nation. Mr Dryden (Dedicat. to Juvenal,) has published to the world the hardships he laboured under. And Mr Otway, (Prol. to Constant. the Great) deters us from poetry upon the same topics with Spencer.

Having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though personally known to few, Mr Butler departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr Longueville of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St Paul, Covent-Garden, at the West-end of the said yard, on the North-side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway.

But we can now say with great satisfaction, that Mr Butler, among the infinite number of readers whom he constantly delighted, at length found one who publickly adopted him for his darling Author; and out of a grateful sense of his merits and character, erected a neat monument to his memory in Westminster-Abbey, which, next to HUDIBRAS, will preserve the fame of the Poet, and the exemplary generosity of the Patron.---It sums up his character both justly and elegantly, as follows:



M. S.

SAMUEL BUTLER,

Qui Strenshamiz in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612.  
 obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;  
 Operibus ingenij, non item præmiis, foelix:  
 Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius;  
 Quo simula Religionis Larvam detraxit,  
 Et Perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit:  
 Scriptorum in suo genere, Primus et Postremus.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,  
 Deesset etiam mortuo Tumulus,  
 Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit  
*Johannes Barber*, Civis Londinensis, 1721.

*Which is thus translated by the Author of Westminsterium, in tom. I. p. 79.*

Sacred to the Memory of

SAMUEL BUTLER,

Who was born at Strensham in Worcestershire,

1612,

And died at London, 1680.

A man of extraordinary Learning, Wit, and Integrity;

Peculiarly happy in his Writings,

Not so in the Encouragement of them:

The curious Inventor of a kind of Satire amongst  
 us.

By which he pluck'd the Mask from Pious Hy-  
 pocrify,

And plentifully exposed the Villainy of Rebels:

The First and Last of Writers in His Way.

Lest He, who (when alive) was destitute of all  
 things,

Should (when dead) want likewise a Monument,  
*John Barber*, Citizen of London, hath taken care,

By placing this Stone over him, 1721.

# H U D I B R A S.

## P A R T F I R S T.

### C A N T O F I R S T.

#### T H E A R G U M E N T.

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,  
The manner how he fall'd forth;  
His arms and equipage are shown;  
His horse's virtues and his own.  
Th' adventure of the *Bear and Fiddle*  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

**W**HEN civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for punk;  
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:  
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle founded,

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;  
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would 15  
 Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;  
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
 To any thing but chivalry;  
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade: 20  
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
 Either for chartel or for warrant:  
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle:  
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25  
 And styl'd of war, as well as peace.  
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
 Are either for the land or water.)  
 But here our authors make a doubt,  
 Whether he were more wise or stout. 30  
 Some hold the one, and some the other:  
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,  
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain  
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;  
 What made some take him for a tool 35  
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
 For't has been held by many, that  
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,  
 Complains she thought him but an ass,  
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras, 40  
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight  
 To all his challenges did write.)

But they're mistaken very much,  
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.  
 We grant, although he had much wit,     45  
 H' was very shy of using it;  
 As being loath to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about;  
 Unless on holidays, or so,  
 As men their best apparel do.     50  
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak:  
 That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.  
 Being rich in both, he never scant'd     55  
 His bounty unto such as wanted;  
 But much of either would afford  
 To many, that had not one word.  
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found  
 To flourish most in barren ground,     60  
 He had such plenty, as suffic'd  
 To make some think him circumcis'd:  
 And truly so he was, perhaps  
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps.  
 He was in logic a great critic,     65  
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic;  
 He could distinguish and divide  
 A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute.     70  
 He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse;  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl;

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,      75  
And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination :

All this by syllogism, true  
In mood and figure, he would do.      80

For rhetoric, he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;  
And when he happen'd to break off  
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,      85  
And tell what rules he did it by :

Else when with greatest art he spoke,  
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.  
For all a rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools.      90

But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich ;

A Babylonish dialect,  
Which learned pedants much affect :  
It was a party-colour'd dress      95

Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin.

It had an odd promiscuous tone,  
As if he had talk'd three parts in one ;      100

Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;

Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent      105  
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;

And truly to support that charge,  
He had supplies as vast and large :  
For he could coin or counterfeit  
New words, with little or no wit;     110  
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
Was hard enough to touch them on :  
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
The ignorant for current took 'em,  
That had the orator, who once     115  
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones  
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater  
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater :     120  
For he, by geometric scale,  
Could take the size of pots of ale ;  
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,  
If bread and butter wanted weight ;  
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day     125  
The clock does strike, by algebra.  
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;  
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
He understood b' implicit faith :     130  
Whatever sceptic could enquire for,  
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore :  
Knew more than forty of them do,  
As far as words and terms could go.  
All which he understood by rote,     135  
And as occasion serv'd, would quote ;  
No matter whether right or wrong,  
They might be either said or sung.

His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell ;      140  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;  
 Where entity and quiddity,      145  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;  
 Where Truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly.      150  
 In school-divinity as able,  
 As he that hight, Irrefragable ;  
 A second Thomas, or at once  
 To name them all, another Duns :  
 Profound in all the nominal      155  
 And real ways beyond them all :  
 For he a rope of sand could twist  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist ;  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull  
 That's empty when the moon is full :      160  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice :  
 As if divinity had catch'd      165  
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small pain  
 The sores of faith are cur'd again ;      170

Although by woful proof we find,  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies;  
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it    173  
 Below the moon, or else above it:  
 What Adam dream'd of when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side;  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a High-Dutch interpreter;    180  
 If either of them had a navel:  
 Who first made music malleable;  
 Whether the serpent at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:  
 All this, without a gloss or comment,    185  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out and miss the matter.  
 For his religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit:    190  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant:  
 Such as do build their faith upon    195  
 The holy text of pike and gun;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 By apostolic blows and knocks;    200  
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
 A godly thorough reformation,



Which always must be carry'd on,  
And still be doing, never done ;  
As if religion were intended 205  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies :  
In falling out with that or this;  
And finding somewhat still amiss ; 210  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way :  
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215  
By damning those they have no mind to ;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.  
The self same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for : 220  
Free-will they one way disavow,  
Another, nothing else allow.  
All piety consists therein  
In them, in other men all sin.  
Rather than fail, they will defy 225  
That which they love most tenderly ;  
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge ;  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230  
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
Like Mahomet's, were asfs and widgeon ;  
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct  
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,

**Canto-I. H U D I B R A S. 25**

**As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235**

**Had got th' advowson of his conscience.**

**Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,**

**We mean on the inside, not the outward.**

**That next of all we shall discuss :**

**Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus. 240**

**His tawny beard was th' equal grace**

**Both of his wisdom and his face ;**

**In cut and die so like a tile,**

**A sudden view it would beguile :**

**The upper part thereof was whey, 245**

**The nether orange mix'd with grey.**

**This hairy meteor did denounce**

**The fall of sceptres and of crowns :**

**With grisly type did represent**

**Declining age of government ; 250**

**And tell with hieroglyphic spade,**

**Its own grave and the state's were made.**

**Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew**

**In time to make a nation rue ;**

**Though it contributed its own fall, 255**

**To wait upon the public downfall.**

**It was monastic, and did grow**

**In holy orders by strict vow ;**

**Of rule as fullen and severe,**

**As that of rapid Cordeliere : 260**

**'Twas bound to suffer persecution,**

**And martyrdom with resolution,**

**T' oppose itself against the hate**

**And vengeance of th' incensed state :**

**In whose defiance it was worn, 265**

**Still ready to be rent and torn,**

With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;  
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,  
 As long as monarchy should last; 270  
 But when the state should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state;  
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters 275  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes severe;  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow. 280

So learned Taliacotius, from  
 The brawny part of porter's bum,  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Would last as long as parent breech;  
 But when the date of Nock was out, 285  
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burden, show'd,  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load.  
 For as Æneas bore his fire  
 Upon his shoulders through the fire; 290  
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.  
 To poise this equally, he bore 295  
 A paunch of the same bulk before;  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare;

As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
Such as the country-house affords ; 300

With other victual, which anon  
We further shall dilate upon,  
When of his hose we come to treat,  
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of stardy buff, 305  
And though nor sword, yet cudgel-proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen ; 310  
To old king Harry so well known,  
Some writers held they were his own.

Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315  
For warriors that delight in blood :

For, as we said, he always chose  
To carry vittle in his hose,  
That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise : 320

And when he put a hand but in  
The one or t' other magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;  
And till th' were stern'd and beaten out, 325  
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

And though knights-errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because when thorough deserts vast  
And regions desolate they past, 330

Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
 Of their provisions on record;  
 Which made some confidently write, 335  
 They had no stomachs but to fight:  
 'Tis false: for Arthur wore in hall  
 Round table like a farthingale,  
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
 And eke before, his good knights din'd: 340  
 Though 'twas no table, some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose;  
 In which he carried as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat, 344  
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,  
 They took their breakfast on their nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We should forget where we digest;  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350  
 His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;  
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both.  
 In it he melted lead for bullets, 355  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets;  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of some body to hew and hack.

Canto I.     H ' U ' D ' I ' B ' R ' A ' S.     29

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,  
The rancour of its edge had felt ;  
For of the lower end two handful.     365

It had devoured, 'twas so manful,  
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts,  
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,     370  
It had appear'd with courage bolder  
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.  
Oft had it ta'en possession,  
And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had his page,     375  
That was but little for his age ;  
And therefore waited on him so,  
As dwarfs upon knights-errants do.

It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging.     380

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;  
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth     385

Set leeks and onions, and so forth.  
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure ;  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.     390

In th' holsters at his saddle-bow  
Two aged pistols he did stow,  
Among the surplus of such meat  
As in his hose he could not get.

These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395  
 To forage when the cocks were bent;  
 And sometimes catch them with a snap,  
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,  
 And ev'ry night stood sentinel, 400  
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose  
 From two legg'd and from four legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.  
 But first with nimble active force 405  
 He got on th' outside of his horse;  
 For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 T' his saddle on the further side,

It was so short, h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desperate toe. 410

But, after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the saddle-caves;  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
 That he had almost tumbled over 415  
 With his own weight; but did recover,  
 By laying hold on tail and main,  
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,  
 Before we farther do proceed, 420  
 It doth behove us to say something

Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin  
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;  
 I would say eye; for h' had but one, 425  
 As most agree, though some say none.

He was well stay'd, and in his gait  
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state.  
At spur or switch no more he skip'd,  
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipp'd:    430  
And yet so fiery, he would bound,  
As if he griev'd to touch the ground :  
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,  
Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
Was not by half so tender-hooft,    435  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
And as that beast would kneel and stoop  
(Some write) to take his rider up ;  
So Hudibras his, 'tis well known,  
Would often do to set him down.    440  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of leather was upon his back ;  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of knight gall'd full as bad.  
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd    445  
Like furrows he himself had plow'd :  
For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
'Twixt every two there was a channel,  
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
Which on his rider he would flirt,    450  
Still as his tender side he prick'd  
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd :  
For Hudibras wore but one spur,  
As wisely knowing could he stir  
To active trot one side of's horse,    455  
The other would not hang an arse.  
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,  
That in th' adventure went his half.



Though writers, for more stately tone,  
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one: 460  
 And when we can with metre safe,  
 We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.)  
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465  
 He had laid in, by birth a taylor.  
 The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd  
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,  
 Did leave it with a castle fair,  
 To his great ancestor, her heir: 470  
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,  
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights  
 Against the bloody canibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd, both great and small:  
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well 475  
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 The Knight's, but of another kind, 480  
 And he another way came by't:  
 Some call it Gifts, and some New Light:  
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
 Like commendation ninepence crook'd  
 With---To and from my love---it look'd.  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loath  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth; 490

And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
 But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too,  
 For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495  
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
 By means of this, with hem and cough,  
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,  
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,  
 As easily as thread a needle. 500  
 For as of vagabonds we say  
 That they are ne'er beside their way;  
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,  
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
 'Tis a dark lanthorn of the Spirit, 505  
 Which none see by but those that bear it;  
 A light that falls down from on high,  
 For spiritual trades to cozen by;  
 AN IGNIS FATUUS, that bewitches,  
 And leads men into pools or ditches, 510  
 To make them dip themselves, and sound  
 For Christendom in dirty pond;  
 To dive like wild fowl for salvation,  
 And fish to catch regeneration.  
 This light inspires and plays upon 515  
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,  
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
 As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
 Such language as no mortal ear  
 But spiritual eaves-droppers can hear. 520  
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,  
 Into small poets song infuse;

Which they at second hand rehearse  
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible, 525  
As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
The ancient cup, or modern chair;  
Spoke truth point-blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning, wondrous able  
In magic talisman and cabal, 530  
Whose primitive tradition reaches  
As far as Adam's first green breeches;  
Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
Ideas, atoms, influences;

And much of *terra incognita*, 535  
Th' intelligible world, could say;

A deep occult philosopher,  
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,  
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
And solid lying much renown'd: 540

He Anthroposophus and Floud,  
And Jacob Behmen understood;  
Knew many an amulet and charm,  
That would do neither good nor harm;  
In Rosy Crucian lore as learned, 545  
As he that *vere adeptus* earned.

He understood the speech of birds,  
As well as they themselves do words;  
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
That think and speak contrary clean; 550  
What member 'tis of whom they talk  
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.  
He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
And keep them in a glass, like water;

**Canto I.     H U D I B R A S.     33.**  
 Of sov'reign power to make men wise;     555  
 For dropt in blear, thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkeſt night,  
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.  
 By help of theſe, as he profeſs'd,  
 He had firſt matter ſeen undreſs'd:     560  
 He took her naked all alone,  
 Before one rag of form was on.  
 The Chaos too he had deſcry'd,  
 And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:  
 Not that of paſteboard, which men ſhew     565  
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;  
 But its great-grandfire, firſt o' th' name,  
 Whence that and Reformation came;  
 Both couſin-germans, and right able.  
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.     570  
 But Reformation was, ſome ſay,  
 O' th' younger houſe to puppet-play.  
 He could fortell whatſ'ever was  
 By conſequence to come to paſs;  
 As death of great men, alterations,     575  
 Diſeaſes, battles, inundations.  
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' ſun,  
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done,  
 By inward light, a way as good,  
 And eaſy to be underſtood;     580  
 But with more lucky hit than thoſe  
 That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,  
 Like Knights o' th' poſt, and falſely charge  
 Upon themſelves what others forge;  
 As if they were conſenting to     585  
 All miſchiefs in the world men do;

O<sup>r</sup>, like the devil, did tempt and fway 'em  
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
They'll search a planet's house, to know  
Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590  
Examine Venus and the moon,  
Who stole a thimble or a spoon :  
And though they nothing will confess,  
Yet by their very looks can guess,  
And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595  
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.  
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,  
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;  
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600  
They'll find, i' th' physiognomies  
O' th' planets, all mens destinies ;  
Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
And swallow'd it instead of th' pill ;  
Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605  
And from positions to-be guess'd on,  
As sure as if they knew the moment  
Of native's birth, tell what will come on't.  
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs ; 610  
And tell what crisis does divine  
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;  
In men, what gives or cures the itch ;  
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;  
What gains or loses, hangs or saves ; 615  
What makes men great, what fools or knaves ;  
But not what wife ; for only of those  
The stars, they say, cannot dispose,

No more than can the astrologians.

There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620

This Ralphe knew, and therefore took

The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd

With gifts and knowledge, per'lous shrewd.

Never did trusty squire with knight, 625

Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.

Their arms and equipage did fit,

As well as virtues, parts, and wit.

Their valours too were of a rate,

And out they sall'y'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they jogged,

But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;

For they a sad adventure met,

Of which anon we mean to treat;

But ere we venture to unfold 635

Atchievements so resolv'd and bold,

We should, as learned poets use,

Invoke th' assistance of some muse;

However critics count it sillier

Than jugglers talking to familiar. 640

We think 'tis no great matter which;

They're all alike; yet we shall pitch

On one that fits our purpose most;

Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645

Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,

And force them, though it was in spite

Of nature, and their stars, to write;

Who, as we find, in sullen writs,

And cross-grain'd works of modern wits, 650

With vanity, opinion, want,  
The wonder of the ignorant,  
The praises of the author, penn'd  
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend ;  
The itch of picture in the front, 655  
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,  
All that is left o' th' forked hill,  
To make men scribble without skill ;  
Can 'ft make a poet spite of fate,  
And teach all people to translate, 660  
Though out of languages in which  
They understand no part of speech :  
Assist me but this once, I 'mple,ore,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665  
To those that dwell therein well known ;  
Therefore there needs no more be said here,  
We unto them refer our reader ;  
For brevity is very good  
When w' are, or are not understood. 670  
To this town people did repair  
On days of market, or of fair ;  
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarse tabor,  
In merriment did drudge and labour :  
But now a sport more formidable 675  
Had rak'd together village-rabble ;  
'Twas an old way of recreating,  
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting.  
A bold advent'rous exercise,  
With antient heroes in high prize : 680  
For authors do affirm it came  
From Isthmian or Nemæan game :

**Canto-I. H U D I B R A S.** 39  
 Others derive it from the Bear  
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
 And round about the pole does make 685  
 A circle like a bear at stake,  
 That at the chain's end wheels about,  
 And overturns the rabble-rout.  
 For after solemn proclamation  
 In the bear's name, (as is the fashion 690  
 According to the law of arms,  
 To keep men from inglorious harms),  
 That none presume to come so near;  
 As forty foot of stake of bear;  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695  
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
 If they come wounded off, and lame,  
 No honour's got by such a maim;  
 Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound  
 In honour to make good his ground, 700  
 When's he's engag'd, and take no notice,  
 If any prefs upon him, who 'tis;  
 But lets them know, at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.  
 This to prevent, and other harms, 705  
 Which always wait on feats of arms,  
 (For in the hurry of a fray,  
 'Tis hard to keep out of harms way),  
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear; 710  
 As he believ'd h' was bound to do  
 In conscience and commission too;  
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:  
 We that are wisely mounted higher



Than constables in curule wit, 715  
 When on tribunal bench we sit,  
 Like speculators should foresee,  
 From Pharos of authority.  
 Portended mischiefs farther than  
 Low Protelarian tything-men. 720  
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,  
 That dog and bear had to dispute ;  
 For so of late men fighting name,  
 Because they often prove the same ;  
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725  
 The last does *coincider*) ;  
*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good,  
 To save th' expence of Christian blood,  
 And try if we, by mediation  
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730  
 Can end the quarrel, and compose  
 The bloody duel without blows.  
 Are not our liberties, our lives,  
 The laws, religion, and our wives,  
 Enough at once to lie at stake 735  
 For cov'nant and the cause's fake ?  
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,  
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?  
 This feud by Jesuits invented,  
 By evil counsel is fomented ; 740  
 There is a Machiavilian-plot,  
 (Though ev'ry *nare olfact* is not),  
 A deep design in't to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 By setting brother against brother, 745  
 To claw and curry one another.

Have we not enemies *plus satis*,  
 That *cane et angue pejus* hate us ?  
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
 Upon our own selves without cause ? 750  
 That some occult design doth lie  
 In bloody cynarctomachy,  
 Is plain enough to him that knows,  
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.  
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755  
 But sure some mischief will come of it ;  
 Unless by providential wit,  
 Or force, we averruncate it.  
 For what design, what interest  
 Can beast have to encounter beast ? 760  
 They fight for no espoused cause,  
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,  
 Nor for a thorough reformation,  
 Nor covenant, nor protestation,  
 Nor liberty of consciences, 765  
 Nor Lords nor Commons ordinances ;  
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
 To get them in their own no-hands ;  
 Nor evil counsellors to bring  
 To justice, that seduce the King ; 770  
 Nor for the worship of us men,  
 Though we have done as much for them.  
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
 Their faith made internecine war :  
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom ;  
 The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth :

And many, to defend that faith,  
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death : 780  
 But no *beast* ever was so slight  
 For man, as for his God, to fight.  
 They have more wit, alas ! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 But we, who only do infuse 785  
 The rage in them like *boute-fens* &  
 'Tis our example that instills  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790  
 With man, take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs ;  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears :  
 From thence no doubt th' invention came  
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800  
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily,  
 The point seems very plain to me.  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name :  
 First, for the name, the word Bear-baiting 805  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating :  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the scripture on record,  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin ;  
 And so is (secondly) the thing. 810

A wile assembly 'tis, that can  
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than  
Provincial, classic, national,  
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

Thirdly, it is idolatrous;

815

For when men run a-whoring thus  
With their inventions, whatso'er  
The thing be, whether dog or bear,  
It is idolatrous and Pagan,  
No less than worshipping of Dagon.

820

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;  
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:  
For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st;  
(For that bear-beating should appear  
*Jure divino* lawfuller  
Than synods are, thou dost deny,  
*Totidem verbis*: so do I):  
Yet there's a fallacy in this;  
For if by fly *homeosts*.  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
Under a cough to slur a f---t,  
Thou would'st sophistically imply,  
Both are unlawful, I deny.

825

830

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt  
But bear-baiting may be made out,  
In gospel-times, as lawful as is  
Provincial or parochial *classis*:

835

And that both are so near of kin,  
And like in all, as well as sin,  
That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,  
Yourself o' the sudden would mistake 'em,

840

And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness :  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845  
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.  
 : Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
*Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage ; 850  
 Thou'lt be at best but such a bull, !  
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;  
 For what can synods have at all,  
 With bear that's anological ?  
 Or what relation has debating' 855  
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?  
 A just comparison still is  
 Of things *ejusdem generis*.  
 And then what *genus* rightly doth  
 Include and comprehend them both ? 860  
 If animal, both of us may  
 As justly pass for bears as they ;  
 For we are animals no less,  
 Although of diff'rent specieses.  
 But, Ralpho, this is not fit place, 865  
 Nor time to argue out the case :  
 For now the field is not far off,  
 Where we must give the world a proof  
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
 Another manner of dispute ; 870  
 A controversy that affords  
 Actions for arguments, not words :  
 Which we must manage at a rate  
 Of prowess and conduct adequate

**Canto I. H U D I B R A S. 43**

To what our place and fame doth promise, 875  
 And all the godly expect from us.  
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
 We're flurr'd and outed by success:  
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
 Or surest hand, can always hit: 880  
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,  
 Which in success oft disinherits,  
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
 Great actions are not always true sons 885  
 Of great and mighty resolutions,  
 Nor do th' boldest attempts bring forth  
 Events still equal to their worth:  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
 Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890  
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
 Our actions still have borne us out:  
 Which, though they're known to be so ample,  
 We need not copy from example;  
 We're not the only persons durst 895  
 Attempt this province, nor the first.  
 In northern clime a val'rous knight  
 Did whilom kill his bear in fight,  
 And wound a fiddler: we have both  
 Of these the objects of our worth, 900  
 And equal fame and glory from  
 Th' attempt of victory to come.  
 'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke  
 In foreign land, yclep'd--- *in some place*  
 To whom we have been oft compar'd 905  
 For person, parts, address and beard;

Both equally reputed stout.

And in the same cause both have fought;

He oft in such attempts as these

Came off with glory and success;

910

Nor will we fail in th' execution,

For want of equal resolution.

Honour is like a widow, won

With brisk attempt and putting on,

With ent'ring manfully, and urging.

915

Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yest the Phrygian knight,

So ours, with rusty steel did smite

His Trojan horse, and just as much

He mended pace upon the touch;

920

But from his empty stomach groan'd,

Just as that hollow beast did sound,

And angry answer'd from behind,

With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.

So have I seen, with armed heel,

925

A wight bestride a commonweal;

While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,

The less the fullen jade has stirr'd.

## CANTO SECOND.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character  
Of th' enemies best men of war :  
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight  
Defies, and challenges to fight ;  
H' encounters Tsigol, roasts the Bear,  
And takes the Fiddler prisoner ;  
Conveys him to enchanted castle,  
There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

**T**HERE was an ancient sage philosopher,  
That had read Alexander Refs over ;  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of fighting and of love :  
Just so romances are, for what else 5  
Is in them all, but love and battles ?  
O' th' first of these we've no great matter  
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter :  
In which to do the injur'd right,  
We mean, in what concerns just fight, 10  
*Certes* our authors are to blame,  
For to make some well-sounding name  
A pattern, fit for modern knights  
To copy out in frays and fights ;  
(Like those that a whole street do raze, 15  
To build a palace in the place),



They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,  
 Or wives, or children, so they can  
 Make up some fierce dead-doing man, 20  
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,  
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors :  
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit :  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
 As in another is destroy'd.  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30  
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
 A man should have his brains beat out,  
 Because he's tall, and has large bones,  
 As men kill beavers for their stones.  
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35  
 The naked truth of what befel ;  
 And as an equal friend to both  
 The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,  
 With neither faction shall take part,  
 But give to each his due desert ; 40  
 And never coin a formal lie on't,  
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.  
 This b'ing profess'd we hope's enough,  
 And now go on where we left off.  
 They rode, but authors having not- 45  
 Determin'd whether pace or trot,  
 (That is to say, whether tollutation,  
 As they do term't, or succussion),

**Canto I.     H U D I B R A S.     47**  
 We leave it, and go on, as now  
 Suppose they did, no matter how :     50  
 Yet some from subtle hints have got  
 Mysterious light it was a trot.  
 But let that pass : they now begun  
 To spur their living engines on.  
 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,     55  
 The learned hold, are animals ;  
 So horses they affirm to be  
 Mere engines made by Geometry ;  
 And were invented first from engines,  
 As Indian Britons were from penguins.     60  
 So let them be: as I was saying,  
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain  
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;  
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle     65  
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,  
 And fierce auxiliary men,  
 That came to aid their brethren ;  
 Who now began to take the field,  
 As knight from ridge of steed beheld ;     70  
 For as our modern wits behold,  
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
 Much farther off ; much farther he,  
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see :  
 Yet not sufficient to descry     75  
 All postures of th' enemy ;  
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,  
 T' observe their numbers, and their order ;  
 That when their numbers he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own.     80

Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,  
 To fit himself for martial deed.  
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
 Either to give blows, or to ward;  
 Courage and steel, both of great force, 85  
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle;  
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
 To free's sword from retentive scabbard : 90  
 And after many a painful pluck,  
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.  
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;  
 And rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95  
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
 Portending blood, like blazing star,  
 The beacon of approaching war.  
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
 Than Hugo in the forest did : 100  
 But far more in returning made;  
 For now the foe he had survey'd,  
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
 With van, main battle, wings and rear.  
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105  
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.  
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110  
 (For if a trumpet found, or drum beat,  
 Who has not a month's mind to combat ?)

P. 50.





A squeaking engine he apply'd  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
 Just where the hangman does dispose,    115  
 To special friends, the knot of noose:  
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen strait  
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.  
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
 Which was but soufe to chitterlings;    120  
 For guts, some write, ere they are fodder,  
 Are fit for music, or for pudden:  
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.  
 His grisly beard was long and thick,    125  
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick:  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe,  
 For what on his own chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both  
 A beard and tail of his own growth;    130  
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,  
 He made use only of his beard.  
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,  
 Where bulls do chuse the boldest king,    135  
 And ruler, o'er the men of string;  
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd by horse that neigh'd);  
 He bravely vent'ring at a crown,  
 By chance of war was beaten down,    140  
 And wounded sore: his leg then broke,  
 Had got a deputy of oak;  
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,  
 The knee with one of timber's propt.

Esteem'd more hon'able than the other,      145  
And takes place, tho' the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for  
Wife conduct, and success in war;  
A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
Now marshal to the champion Bear.      150

With truncheon tipt with iron head,  
The warrior to the lists he led:  
With solemn march, and stately pace,  
But far more grave and solemn face;  
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu,      155  
Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.

This leader was of knowledge great,  
Either for charge, or for retreat.  
He knew when to fall on pell-mell,  
To fall back and retreat as well.      160

So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,  
And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't,  
Do stave and tail with writs of error,  
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,  
To let them breath a while, and then      165  
Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.

As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;      170  
Bred up where discipline most rare is,  
In Military garden Paris.

As soldiers heretofore did grow  
In gardens just as weeds do now;  
Until some splay-foot politicians      175  
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions,

For licenſing a new invention  
Th'ad found out an antique engine,  
To root out all the weeds that grow  
In public gardens at a blow, 180  
And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,  
My friends, that is not to be done.  
Not done ! quo' Statesman ; yes, an't pleaſe ye,  
When 'tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.  
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo : 185  
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
A drum ! quoth Phœbus, troth that's true,  
A pretty invention, quaint and new.  
But tho' of voice and inſtrument  
We are th' undoubted preſident : 190  
We ſuch loud muſic don't profefs :  
The Devil's maſter of that office,  
Where it muſt paſs ; if't be a drum,  
He'll ſign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.  
To him apply yourſelves, and he 195  
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.  
They did ſo ; but it prov'd ſo ill,  
Th'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.  
But to reſume what we diſcourſing  
Were on before, that is, ſtout Orſin ; 200  
That which ſo oft by fundry writers  
Has been apply'd & almoſt all fighters,  
More juſtly may b' aſcribed to this,  
Than any other warrior, (viz.)  
None ever acted both parts bolder, 205  
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.  
He was of great deſcent, and high  
For ſplendor and antiquity,



And from celestial origine  
 Deriv'd himself in a right line. 210  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base births might be hid,  
 (Knowing they were of a doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore),  
 Made Jupiter himself and others 215  
 O' th' Gods, gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions,  
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)  
 Arctophylax in northern sphere  
 Was his undoubted ancestor : 220  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would  
 By skilful chymist with great cost {folder,  
 Extracted from a rotten post ;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense ; 230  
 Tho' by Promethean fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when flovens do amiss  
 At others doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235  
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
 Will convey mischief from the dung  
 Unto the part that did the wrong :  
 So this did healing, and as sure  
 As that did mischief, this would cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude  
 Incomparable; and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer sung long since,  
 A skilful leech is better far                    245  
 Than half a hundred men of war;  
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim,                    250  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin:  
 Clad in a mantle *della guerre*  
 Of rough, impenetrable fur;  
 And in his nose, like Indian king,                    255  
 He wore, for ornament, a ring;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern target;  
 Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.                    260  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray;  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth  
 Which they do eat their vittle with.  
 He was by birth, some authors write,                    265  
 A Russian, some a Muscovite;  
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,  
 Of whom we in diurnals read,  
 That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there:                    270  
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin:

And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws.  
 And tho' his countrymen, the Huns, 275  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses backs o'er which they straddle,  
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle,  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But ate it raw when't came in's way. 280  
 He had trac'd countries far and near,  
 More than Le Blanc the traveller ;  
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,  
 Of noble house, a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies, 285  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;  
 Each striving to obtain the crown  
 Of a fav'd citizen: the one 290  
 To guard his Bear, the other fought  
 To aid his Dog ; both made more stout  
 By several spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church fellow-membership, and blood ;  
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295  
 Never got ought of him but blows ;  
 Blows, hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ; 300  
 Inur'd to labour, sweat, and toil,  
 And, like a champion, shone with oil.  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless, had made.

Canto I.     H U D I B R A S.     37

He many a boar, and huge dun cow     303

Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow.

But Guy with him in fight compar'd,

Had like the boar and dun cow far'd.

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought

Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote;     310

And many a serpent of fell kind,

With wings before, and stings behind,

Subdu'd, as Poets say, long agoe

Bold Sir George, St George, did the dragon.

Nor engine, nor device polemic,     315

Disease, nor doctor epidemic,

Though stor'd with deletery medicines,

(Which whosoever took is dead since),

E'er sent so vast a colony

To both the under worlds as he.     320

For he was of that noble trade,

That demi-gods and heroes made.

Slaughter, and knocking on the head;

The trade on which they all were bred,

And is, like others, glorious when     325

'Tis great and large, but base if mean.

The former rides in triumph for it,

The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,

For daring to profane a thing

So sacred with vile bungling.     330

Next these the brave Magnano came,

Magnano ! great in martial fame.

Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,

'Tis sung he got but little by't.

Yet he was fierce as forest-boar,     335

Whose spoils upon his back he wore,

As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held;  
 But brass was feeble to resist  
 The fury of his armed fist;      340  
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out  
 Against his blows, but they would through't.

In magic he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the brazen head;  
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,      345  
 As English Merlin for his heart;  
 But far more skilful in the spheres,  
 That he was at the sieve and shears.  
 He could transform himself in colour,  
 As like the devil as a collier;      350  
 As like as hypocrites in show  
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,  
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter:  
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker,      355  
 He was th' inventor of and maker:  
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum  
 Did both from his invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach  
 To make, and how to stop a breach.      360  
 A lance he bore with iron pike,  
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike:  
 And when their forces he had join'd,  
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright      365  
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight:  
 A bold virago, stout and tall,  
 As Joan of France, or English Mall.

Canto I.     H U D I B R A S.     39  
 Through perils both of wind and limb,  
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him,     370  
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
 And never him or it forsook.  
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprize,  
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize;  
 At beating quarters up, or forage,     375  
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,  
 And laid about in fight more busily,  
 Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.  
 And though some critics here cry shame,  
 And say our authors are to blame,     380  
 That (spite of all philosophers,  
 Who hold no females stout but bears;  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war,  
 They would not suffer the stoutest dame     385  
 To swear by Hercules's name)  
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
 To fight like termagants and Turks:  
 To lay their native arms aside,  
 Their modesty, and ride astride;     390  
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 Of Gundibert; but he had grace,     395  
 And rather took a country-lass:  
 They say 'tis false without all sense,  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government, which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in prose;     400

Strip Nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so; yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla that's improbable,  
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen't,  
 Or what's as good, produc'd in print:  
 And if they will not take our word,  
 We'll prove it true upon record.

403

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,  
 Of all his race the valiant'st:  
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,  
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong:  
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
 The weak against the strongest side:  
 Ill has he read, that never hit  
 On him in Muses deathless writ.  
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,  
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,  
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor  
 Was comrade in the ten years war:  
 For when the restless Greeks sat down,  
 So many years, before Troy town,  
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,  
 For well-soal'd boots, no less than fights;  
 They ow'd that glory only to  
 His ancestor, that made them so.  
 Fast friend he was to reformation,  
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion;  
 Next rectifier of wry law,  
 And would make three to cure one law.

410

413

417

423

430

Learned he was, and could take note,  
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.

But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435

Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,

He us'd to lay about and stickle,

Like ram or bull at conventicle:

For disputants, like rams and bulls,

Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,

Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;

Right expert in command of horse,

But cruel and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445

Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this,

He and his horse were of a piece.

One spirit did inform them both,

The self-same vigour, fury, wroth : 450

Yet he was much the rougher part,

And always had a harder heart ;

Although the horse had been of those

That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes ;

Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas, 455

It may be true ; for flesh is grass.

Sturdy he was, and no less able

Than Hercules to clean a stable :

As great a drover, and as great

A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ript the womb up of his mother,

Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother

And provender wherewith to feed

Himself, and his less cruel steed.



It was a question whether he      465  
Or's horse were of a family

More worshipful: till antiquaries  
(After they'd almost por'd out their eyes)  
Did very learnedly decide

The bus'ness on the horse's side,      470  
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
Nay pigs, were of the elder house:  
For beasts, when man was but a piece  
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led      475  
The combatants, each in the head  
Of his command, with arms and rage,  
Ready and longing to engage.

The num'rous rabble was drawn out  
Of sev'ral counties round about,      480  
From villages remote, and shires,  
Of east and western hemispheres:

From foreign parishes and regions,  
Of diff'rent manners, speech, religions,  
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight      485  
For fame and honour, some for fight.

And now the field of death, the lists  
Were enter'd by antagonists,  
And blood was ready to be broach'd;  
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,      490

With Squire and weapons to attack 'em:  
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

What rage, O citizens! what fury  
Doth you to these dire actions hurry?  
What *æstrum*, what phrenetic mood      495  
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,

While the proud Vies your trophies boast,  
And unreveng'd walks-----ghost?  
What towns what garrisons might you  
With hazard of this blood subdue, 500  
Which now y'are bent to throw away  
In vain, untriumphable fray?  
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
Of saints, and let the cause ly fallow?  
The cause, for which we fought and swore 505  
So boldly, shall we now give o'er?  
Then, because quarrels still are seen  
With oaths and swearings to begin,  
The solemn league and covenant  
Will seem a mere God-damn-me-rant; 510  
And we that took it, and have fought  
As lewd as drunkards that fall out:  
For as we make war for the King  
Against himself, the self-same thing,  
Some will not stick to swear we do 515  
For God, and for religion too:  
For if Bear-baiting we allow,  
What good can reformation do?  
The blood and treasure that's laid out,  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520  
Are these the fruits o' th' protestation,  
The prototype of reformation,  
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,  
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,  
When 'twas resolv'd by either house 525  
Six members' quarrel to esponse?  
Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
With zeal and noises formidable,

And make all cries about the Town  
Join throats to cry the Bishops down ? 530  
Who having round begirt the palace,  
(As once a month they do the gallows),  
As members gave the sign about,  
Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
When tinkers bawl'd aloud, to settle 535  
Church-discipline, for patching kettle :  
No fow-gelder did blow his horn  
To geld a cat, but cry'd, Reform.  
The oyfter-women lock'd their fish up,  
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Bishop. 540  
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
And 'gainst Evil Counsellors did cry.  
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the Church.  
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead 545  
Of Pudding pies, and Ginger-bread.  
And some for Brooms, Old Boots and Shoes,  
Bawl'd out to Purge the Common-house.  
Instead of Kitchen-stuff, some cry,  
A gospel-preaching Ministry : 550  
And some for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,  
No Surplices, nor Service-book.  
A strange harmonious inclination  
Of all degrees to Reformation,  
And is this all ? is this the end 555  
To which these carr'ings on did tend ?  
Hath Public faith, like a young heir,  
For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,  
And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,  
Till both turn'd bankrupts and are broke ? 560

Did saints, for this, bring in their plate,  
 And croud as if they came too late ?  
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,  
 Happy was he that could get rid on't.  
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons, 565  
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons ;  
 And into pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers ?  
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men as soon 570  
 As in the furnace they were thrown ;  
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.  
 Then was the cause of gold and plate,  
 Th' brethren's off'rings, consecrate,  
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it. 575  
 The saints fell prostrate, to adore it ;  
 So say the wicked----and will you  
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,  
 By running after Dogs and Bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers ? 580  
 Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,  
 And laid themselves out and their lungs,  
 Us'd all means, both direct and sioister,  
 F' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister ?  
 Have they invented tones to win 585  
 The women, and make them draw in  
 The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male ?  
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,  
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to ? 590  
 Discover'd th' enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine ?

Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?  
 Told it the news o' th' last express, 595  
 And after good or bad success,  
 Made prayers, not so like petitions,  
 As overtures and propositions,  
 (Such as the army did present  
 To their Creator, th' Parliament), 600  
 In which they freely will confess,  
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
 Unless the Work be carry'd on,  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 By setting church and common-weal 605  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?  
 The Parliament drew up petitions  
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610  
 To well-affected persons down,  
 In ev'ry city and great town;  
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen:  
 For this did many, many a mile, 615  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,  
 With papers in their hats, that show'd  
 As if they to the pillory rode.  
 Have all these courses, these efforts,  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620  
*Melis et remis, omnibus nervis,*  
 And all t'advance the Cause's service?  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine fray?

**Canto II.     H U D I B R A S.     637**

Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore,     637  
 Each man of us to run before  
 Another still in Reformation,  
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?  
 How will dissenting Brethren relish it?  
 What will malignants say? *videlicet*,     638  
 That each man swore to do his best,  
 To damn and perjure all the rest;  
 And bid the devil take the hindmost,  
 Who at this race is like to win most.  
 They'll say our bus'ness to reform     639  
 The church and state, is but a worm;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
 To an unknown church-discipline,  
 What is it else, but beforehand  
 T' engage, and after understand?     640  
 For when we swore to carry on  
 The present reformation,  
 According to the purest mode  
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,  
 What did we else but make a vow     641  
 To do we know not what or how?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where, or what churches these should be;  
 And is indeed the self-same case  
 With theirs that swore *et ceteras*;     642  
 Or the French league, in which men vow'd  
 To fight to the last drop of blood.  
 These slanders will be thrown upon  
 The Cause and Work we carry on,  
 If we permit men to run headlong     643  
 T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam:

Rather than Gospel-walking times,  
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes,  
 But we the matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious scandal : 660  
 In name of King and Parliament,  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen;  
 And to those places straight repair, 665  
 Where your respective dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,  
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and engineer of mischief; 670  
 That makes division between friends,  
 For profane and malignant ends.  
 He, and that engine of vile noise,  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall, *dictum factum*, both be brought 675  
 To condign punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:  
 For then I'll take another course,  
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680  
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,  
 To shew he meant to keep his word.  
 But Talgol, who had long suppress  
 Inflam'd wrath in glowing breast,  
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685  
 Implacable as flame in furnace,  
 Thus answer'd him: Thou vermin wretched,  
 As e'er in meased pork was hatched;

**Canto II. H U D I B R A S. 69**

Thou tail of Worship, that dost grow  
On rump of justice as of cow ; 690

How dar'st thou with that fallen luggage  
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
With which thy steed of bones and leather  
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695

T' oppose thy lumber against us ?  
Could thine impertinence find out  
No work t' employ itself about,  
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
Thy busy vanity might'st show ? 700

Was no dispute a-foot between  
The caterwawling brethren ?  
No subtle question rais'd among  
Those out-o'-their' wits, and those i' th' wrong ;  
No prize between those combatants 705

O' th' times, the land and water saints ;  
Where thou might'st stickle without hazard  
Of outrage to thy hide muzzard ;  
And not for want of bus'ness come  
To us to be thus troublesome, 710

To interrupt our better fort  
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?  
Was there no felony, no bawd,  
Cut-purse, nor burglary abroad ?  
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715

To tie thee up from breaking loose ?  
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,  
To keep thee busy from foul evil,  
And shame due to thee from the devil ; 720



Did no committee sit, where he  
 Might cut out journey-work for thee;  
 And set th' a task, with subornation,  
 To stitch up sale and sequestration,  
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725  
 All parties and the common weal?  
 Much better had it been for thee,  
 H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;  
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
 So he had never brought thee hither. 730  
 But if th' hast brain enough in scull  
 To keep itself in lodging whole,  
 And not provoke the rage of stones  
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones;  
 Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st, 735  
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
 At this the Knight grew high in wroth,  
 And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
 From whence at last these words broke out.

Was I for this intitled Sir, 740  
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
 For fame and honour to wage battle,  
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?  
 Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745  
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal;  
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
 And sell thy carrion for good meat;  
 Not all thy magic to repair  
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware, 750  
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork;

Canto II. H U D I B R A S. 71

Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;  
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755  
And axes made to hew down lives,

Shall save or help thee to evade  
The hand of Justice, or this blade,  
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,  
For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall these words of venom base,  
Which thou hast from their native place,  
Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,  
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.

Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765  
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight  
With gauntlet blue, and bafes white,  
And round blunt truncheon by his side,  
So great a man at arms defy'd 770

With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,  
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775  
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd;  
And bending cock, he level'd full  
Against th' outside of Talgol's scull:

Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murder. 780  
But Pallas came in shape of rust,  
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock  
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.

Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785  
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;  
But he with Petronel upheav'd,  
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.  
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790  
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.  
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
Drew out his sword; but not so fast,  
But Talgol first with hardy thwack 795  
Twice bruise'd his head, and twice his back.  
But when his nut-brown sword was out,  
With stomach huge he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal foe, the truncheon; 800  
The trusty cudgel did oppose  
Itself against dead-doing blows,  
To guard its leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd itself again.  
And though the sword, some understood, 805  
In force had much the odds of wood,  
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:  
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd; 810  
Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.  
And now both knights were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;  
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815  
Expecting which should take or kill.





*win. Sculp.*

This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,  
 Conquest should be so long a getting,  
 He drew up all his force into  
 One body, and that into one blow. 820  
 But Talgol wisely avoided it  
 By cunning sleight; for had it hit,  
 'The upper part of him the blow  
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825  
 To aid his friend, began to fall on:  
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two;  
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,  
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830  
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;  
 While none that saw them could divine  
 To which side conquest would incline,  
 Until Magnano, who did envy 835  
 That two should with so many men vie,  
 By subtle stratagem of brain  
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;  
 For he, by foul hap, having found  
 Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840  
 In haste he drew his weapon out,  
 And having cropt them from the root,  
 He clapp'd them underneath the tail  
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.  
 The angry beast did straight resent 845  
 The wrong done to his fundament;  
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
 As if h' had been beside his sense,

Striving to disengage from thistle  
That gall'd him sorely under his tail : 850  
Instead of which, he threw the pack.  
Of Squire, and baggage from his back ;  
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump  
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
As made him reel, The Knight did stoop, 855  
And sat on further side aslope.  
This Talgol viewing, who had now  
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,  
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;  
For catching foe by nearer foot, 860  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out ;  
But Mars, that still protects the stout,  
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865  
And under him the Bear convey'd ;  
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
The Knight with all his weight fell down.  
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound :  
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall, 870  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,  
And had no hurt ; ours far'd as well  
In body, though his mighty spirit, 875  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The Bear was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880

His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from  
 His jaws of death he drew the foam;  
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
 And more than ever herald drew him:  
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885  
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,  
 And vex'd the more, because the harms  
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:  
 For men he always took to be  
 His friends, and dogs his enemy, 890  
 Who never so much hurt had done him,  
 As his own side did falling on him;  
 It griev'd him to the guts, that they  
 For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895  
 Should offer such inhuman wrong;  
 Wrong of unfoldier-like condition;  
 For which he flung down his commission;  
 And laid about him, till his nose  
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900  
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
 And made way through th' amazed crew;  
 Some he o'er-tan, and some o'erthrew,  
 But took none; for by hasty flight 905  
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight:  
 From whom he fled with as much haste  
 And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.  
 In haste he fled, and so did they,  
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way. 910

Crowdero only kept the field,  
 Not stirring from the place he held,



Though beaten down, and wounded fore,  
 I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore  
 One side of him, not that of bone ; 915  
 But much its better, th' wooden one.  
 He spying Mudibras ly strow'd  
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
 With fright of fall, suppos'd wound'd,  
 And loss of urine, in a swoond, 920  
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb  
 That hurt in th' ancle lay by him,  
 And sitting it for sudden fight,  
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight ;  
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925  
 He with the foe began to buckle,  
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
 Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,  
 Sole author of all detriment  
 He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun  
 T' adventure resurrection  
 From heavy squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs with sprained crup)  
 Looking about, beheld pernicion 935  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed,  
 (As rats do from a falling house),  
 To hide itself from rage of blows ; 940  
 And wing'd with speed and fury flew,  
 To rescue Knight from black and blue.  
 Which ere he could atchieve, his sconce  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once ;

And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen,      945  
 When Ralpho thrust himself between.  
 He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the Knight from further harm;  
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 On th' wooden member such a load,      950  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdero, whom it propt before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy  
 Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy      956  
 Thyself and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship,  
 'Gainst arms, authority and worship?      960  
 And Hudibras, or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?  
 Could not the whipping-post prevail      965  
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,  
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
 And ancle free from iron gin?  
 Which now thou shalt----but first our care  
 Must see how Hudibras doth fare.      970  
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright:  
 To rouse him from lethargic dumph,  
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump  
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been      975  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd withid.

They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room, to window-eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement  
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980.  
 This gladdened Ralpho much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the Knight : Quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A self-denying conqueror ;  
 As high, victorious and great, 985  
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give yourself but leave  
 To make out what y' already have ;  
 That's victory. The foe for dread  
 Of your Nine-worthiness, is fled, 990.  
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake :  
 And he lyes pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,  
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995  
 The gallows, or perpetual jail.  
 For one wink of your powerful eye  
 Must sentence him to live or die.  
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the service of the Churches ; 1000.  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a crowd.  
 For though success did not confer  
 Just title on the conqueror ;  
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005.  
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;  
 Although outgoings did confirm,  
 And owning were but a mere term ;

Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010  
 The property is in the faint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain't ;  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1013  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites,  
 All which the faints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due,  
 What we take from them is no more  
 Than what was ours by right before: 1020  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grew valorous.  
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1023  
 Of all his foes remain, but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him ;  
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay.  
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030  
 But Ralpho, now in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood :  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high : this slave does merit  
 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner 1033  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction : I that am  
 A nothingness in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,  
 Or ill intreat his Fiddle or case: 1040

Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword,  
 To break a Fiddle and your word?  
 For tho' I fought and overcame, 1043  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :  
 For great commanders always own  
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.  
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
 Argues your pow'r above your will ; 1050  
 And that your will and pow'r have less  
 Than both might have of selfishness.  
 'This pow'r, which now alive, with dread  
 He trembles at, if he were dead,  
 Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1055  
 Than if you were a knight of straw :  
 For death would then be his conqueror,  
 Not you, and free him from that terror.  
 If danger from his life accrue,  
 Or honour from his death, to you ; 1060  
 'Twere policy and honour too,  
 To do as you resolv'd to do :  
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,  
 To say it needs or fears a crutch.  
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065  
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :  
 The laurels that adorn their brows  
 Are pull'd from living, not dead bought,  
 And living foes : the greatest fame  
 Of cripple slain can be but lame. 1070  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your pain ;

T' honour can but on one side light,  
 As Worship did when y' were dubb'd Knight.  
 Wherefore I think it better far, 1075  
 To keep him prisoner of war;  
 And let him fast in bonds abide,  
 At court of justice to be try'd:  
 Where if he appear so bold or crafty,  
 There may be danger in his safety: 1080  
 If any member there dislike  
 His face, or to his beard have pique;  
 Or if his death will save or yield,  
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;  
 Tho' he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085  
 Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please;  
 This has been often done by some  
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;  
 And has by most of us been held  
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd: 1090  
 For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, tho' by his own  
 Direction and advice put on.  
 For if we should fight for the Cause. 1095  
 By rules of military laws,  
 And only do what they call just,  
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 This we among ourselves may speak;  
 But to the wicked or the weak, 1100  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.  
 This said, the high outrageous mettle  
 Of Knight began to cool and settle,

He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105  
 Resolv'd to see th' bus'ness done :  
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place and use  
 The wooden member to reduce ; 1110  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more  
 Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,  
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The Squire in state rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120  
 The trophy Fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.  
 The Knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side ;  
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind 1125  
 Like boat against the tide and wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,  
 Until quite through the town th' had gone ;  
 At further end of which there stands  
 An ancient castle, that commands 1130  
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric  
 You shall not see one stone, nor a brick,  
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell  
 Of magic made impregnable :  
 There's neither iron bar nor gate, 1135  
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate ;

And yet men-~~dur~~ance there abide,  
In dungeons scarce three inches wide.  
With roof so low, that under it  
They never stand, but ly or sit: 1140  
And yet so foul, that whofo is in,  
Is to the middle leg in prison;  
In circle magical confin'd,  
With walls of subtil air and wind;  
Which none are able to break thorough, 1145  
Until they're freed by head of borough.  
Thither arriv'd, the advent'rous Knight  
And bold Squire from their steeds alight,  
At th' outward wall, near which there stands  
A baffle, built t' imprison hands; 1150  
By strange inchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts, and free the greater;  
For tho' the body may creep through,  
The hands in grate are fast enough:  
And when a circle 'bout the wrift 1155  
Is made by beadle exorcist,  
The body feels the spur and switch,  
As if 'twere ridden post by Witch,  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,  
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,  
In manner of a trophy, place.  
That done, they ope the trap-door-gate, 1165  
And let Crowdero down thereat.  
Crowdero making doleful face,  
Like hermit poor in pensive place,



To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet;

1170

But th' other, that had broke the peace,  
And head of knighthood, they release,  
Tho' a delinquent false and forged,  
Yet b'ing a stranger, he's enlarged;  
While his comrade, that did no hurt,  
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.

1175

So Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

## CANTO THIRD.

## THE ARGUMENT.

'The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
Surround the place; the Knight does sally,  
And is made pris'n'r : then they seize  
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
Crowdero, put the Squire in's place;  
I should have first said Hudibras,

**A**Y me ! what perils do inviron  
The man that meddles with cold iron ?  
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
Do dog him still with after-claps !  
For tho' dame Fortune seem to smile,  
And leer upon him for a while,  
She'll after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say,  
I' th' ditty call'd, " What if a day ;"  
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won  
The field, as certain as a gun,  
And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop,  
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase  
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches ;  
Wherein his mettle and brave worth  
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth  
And register'd by fame eternal,  
In deathless pages of diurnal,  
Found in few minutes to his cost,  
He did but count without his host ;

† H

And that a turnstile is more certain  
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune :

For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25  
O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,  
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,  
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear.  
(All but the dogs, who in pursuit  
Of the Knight's victory stood to't, 30  
And most ignobly fought, to get  
The honour of his blood and sweat),  
Seeing the coast was free and clear  
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,  
Took heart again, and fac'd about, 35  
As if they meant to stand it out.  
For by this time the routed Bear,  
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
Finding their number grow too great  
For him to make a safe retreat, 40  
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled and fac'd  
Retiring still, until he found 45  
H' had got th' advantage of the ground;  
And then as valiantly made head,  
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;  
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick 50  
Of warrior stout and politic;  
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
He gain'd a pass to hold dispute  
better terms, and stop the course  
: proud foe With all his force

Canto III. H U D I B R A S.	87
He bravely charg'd, and for a while	55
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;	
But still their numbers so increas'd,	
He found himself at length oppress'd,	
And all evasions so uncertain	
To save himself for better fortune ;	60
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,	
To die with honour on the field,	
And sell his hide and carcase at	
A price as high and desperate	
As e'er he could. This resolution	65
He forthwith put in execution,	
And bravely threw himself among	
The enemy i' th' greatest throng.	
But what could single valour do,	
Against so numerous a foe ?	70
Yet much he did, indeed too much	
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.	
But one against a multitude,	
Is more than mortal can make good ;	
For while one party he oppos'd,	75
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,	
And no room left him for retreat,	
Or fight against a foe so great.	
For now the mastives, charging home,	
To blows and handygripes were come :	80
While manfully himself he bore,	
And setting his right foot before,	
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall	
His person was above them all.	
This equal shame and envy stirr'd	85
I' th' enemy, that one should beard	

So many warriors, and so stout,  
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to lay down his arms  
 And yield on honourable terms. 90

Enraged thus, some in the rear  
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,  
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,  
 And, being down, still laid about:  
 As Widdrington in doleful dumps, 95  
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas I had been in vain,  
 And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,  
 To rescue him had not been quick: 100

For Trulla, who was light of foot,  
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,  
 (But not so light as to be born  
 Upon the ears of standing corn,  
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker. 105

Than Witches, when their staves they liquor,  
 As some report), was got among  
 The foremost of the martial throng:  
 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,  
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110

Viewing the bloody fight: to whom,  
 Shall we, quoth she, stand still hum-drum,  
 And see stout Bruin all alone  
 By numbers basely overthrown?  
 Such feats already h' has atchiev'd, 115;  
 In story not to be believ'd;  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would, quoth he, venture a limb  
 To second thee, and rescue him: 120  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late;  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125  
 About their heads, to clear the ground;  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 As if the Devil drove, to run. 130  
 Mean while th' approach'd the place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin;  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,  
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,  
 Until their mastives loos'd their hold: 135  
 And yet, alas! do what they could,  
 The worsted Bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.  
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,  
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel  
 All over, but the Pagan heel:  
 So did our champion's arms defend.  
 All of him, but the other end,  
 His head and ears, which in the martial 145  
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel.  
 For as an Austrian Archduke once  
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
 Close to his head; so Bruin far'd: 150

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucified:  
 Or like the late corrected leathern  
 Ears of the circumcised Brethren.  
 But gentle Trulla, into th' ring. 155  
 He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade,  
 Which elegantine and roses made; 160  
 Glose by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,  
 And wanting nothing but a song, 165  
 And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd with a strain,  
 They both drew up, to march in quest:  
 Of his great leader, and the rest, 170  
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground:  
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot)  
 Was not long able to keep pace. 175  
 With others that pursu'd the chase;  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of heart and out of wind:  
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd,  
 So basely by a multitude; 180  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers of his coward foes.

He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
 Forcing the vallies to repeat. 185  
 The accents of his sad regret.  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony Bear :  
 That Echo from the hollow ground  
 His doleful wailings did resound. 190  
 More wistfully, by many times  
 Than in small Poets splay-foot rhymes,  
 That make her, in their rueful stories,  
 To answer to int'rrogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose 195  
 To things of which she nothing knows;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled to my---Echo, Ruin? 200  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry Guep.  
 Am I not here to take thy part?  
 Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?  
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205  
 So often in that quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
 For thy dear sake, Quoth she, Mum Budget.  
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
 Thou turn'st thy back? Qoth Echo, Pish. 210  
 To run from those th' hadst o'ercome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly?  
 From me too, as thine enemy?



Or if thou hast no thought of me, 215

Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yet shame and honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tail :  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A Puddin. 220

This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
Which in his manly stomach burn'd ;  
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.

He vow'd the authors of his woe 225  
Should equal vengeance undergo ;

And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.

This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
And rage he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight, and giving o'er  
To search for Bruin any more,

He went in quest of Hudibras,  
To find him out where-e'er he was ;

And, if he were above ground, vow'd 235  
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But scarce had he a furlong on  
This resolute adventure gone,

When he encounter'd with that crew  
Whom Hudibras did late subdue 240

Honour, revenge, contempt and shame,  
Did equally their breasts enflame.

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,  
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras :

Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245  
And resolute, as ever fought ;

Whom furious Orfin thus bespoke.  
Shall we, quoth he, thus basely brook  
The vile affront that paltry as  
And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250  
With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
Have put upon us, like tame cattle,  
As if th'ad routed us in battle?  
For my part, it shall ne'er be said, 255  
I for the washing gave my head;  
Nor did I turn my back for fear  
O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,  
Which now I'm like to undergo;  
For whether those fell wounds, or no, 260  
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
Is more than all my skill can fortel;  
Nor do I know what is become  
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.  
But if I can but find them out 265  
That caus'd it, (as I shall no doubt,  
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk),  
I'll make them rue their handy-work;  
And wish that they had rather dar'd  
To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orfin, th' hast  
Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
And so has ev'ry body here,  
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear.  
Others may do as they see good; 275  
But if this twig be made of wood  
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur;

And t' other mungrel vermin, Ralph,  
 That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280  
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Tho' lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill :  
 Myself and Trulla made a shift  
 To lift him out at a dead lift ;  
 And having brought him bravely off, 285  
 Have left him where he's safe enough :  
 There let him rest; for if we stay,  
 'The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join  
 Their forces in the same design : 290  
 And forthwith put themselves in search  
 Of Hudibras upon their march,  
 Where leave we them a while to tell  
 What the victorious Knight besel ;  
 For such, Crowdero being fast 295  
 In dungeon shut, we left him last,  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
 No where so great as on his brow :  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd 300  
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues,  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain. He'ad got a hurt  
 On th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310

By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure-land;  
 (For he in all his am'rous battles,  
 No advantage finds like goods and chattels,)  
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 315  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight;  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall'd him in the purtenance.  
 But time had somewhat 'twag'd his pain,  
 After he found his suit in vain. 320  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly that so oft did ake,  
 And suffer griping for her sake;  
 Till purging comfits and ants eggs 325  
 Had almost brought him off his legs),  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old Pyg---(what d' y' call him)---malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330  
 She had a thousand jadish tricks,  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad:  
 She could love none but only such 335  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady,  
 Not love, if any lov'd her: hey-day!  
 So cowards never use their might,  
 But against such as will not fight. 340  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.

He that gets her by heart must say her  
The back-way, like a Witch's prayer.  
Meanwhile the Knight had no small task, 343  
To compass what he durst not ask ;  
He loves, but dares not make the motion :  
Her ignorance is his devotion :  
Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
Rides with his face to rump of steed ; 350  
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,  
Look one way, and another move :  
Or like a tumbler, that doth play  
His game, and look another way,  
Until he seize upon the coney : 353  
Just so does he by matrimony.  
But all in vain ; her subtle snout  
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;  
Which she return'd with too much scorn,  
To be by man of honour born : 360  
Yet much he bore, until the distress  
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress,  
Did stir his stomach, and the pain  
He had endur'd from her disdain,  
Turn'd to regret, so resolute, 365  
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play least in sight.  
This resolution b'ing put on,  
He kept some months, and more had done ; 370  
But being brought so nigh by fate,  
The victory he achiev'd so late  
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
A door to discontinu'd hope,

That seem'd to promise he might win 375  
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;  
 And that his valour, and the honour  
 H' had newly gain'd might work upon her:  
 These reasons made his mouth to water  
 With am'rous longings to be at her. 380

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows  
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
 As I but now have forc'd the troop?  
 If nothing can oppugn love, 385  
 And virtue invious ways can prove,  
 What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both love and virtue too?  
 But thou bring'st valour too and wit,  
 Two things that seldom fail to hit : 390  
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft are taken in.  
 Then Hudibras, why should'st thou fear  
 To be, thou art a conqueror ?

Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*, 395  
 But lets the timidous miscarry.  
 Then while the honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely thou had'st best,  
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,  
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep.  
 And as an owl that in a barn  
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405  
 As if he slept, -until he spies

The little-beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch :  
 So from his couch the Knight did start,  
 To seize upon the widow's heart, 410  
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,  
 Ralpho, dispatch; to horse, to horse.  
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches were advanc'd 415  
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd;  
 And all th' avenues had possess'd  
 About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,  
 To view the ground, and where t' assault; 420  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed,  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort, 425  
 'They now drew up t' attack the fort;  
 When Hudibras about to enter  
 Upon another-gates adventure,  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430  
 Whether dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad, or tutelär,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,  
 To which he was an utter stranger;  
 That foresight might, or might not blot 435  
 The glory he had newly got;  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed :

To them we leave it to expound,  
That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
When setting ope the postern gate,  
Which they thought best to sally at,  
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445  
Ready to charge them in the field.

This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :  
The bruises of his bones and flesh  
He thought began to smart afresh : 450

Till recollecting wonted courage,  
His fear was soon converted to rage,  
And thus he spoke : The coward foe,  
Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455  
As if they had outrun their fears.

The glory we did lately get,  
The Fates command us to repeat ;  
And to their wills we must succumb,  
*Quocunque trahunt*, 'tis our doom. 460

This is the same numeric crew  
Which we so lately did subdue ;  
The self-same individuals, that  
Did run, as mice do from a cat,  
When we courageously did wield 465  
Our martial weapons in the field,  
To tug for victory : and when  
We shall our shining blades agen  
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads :



Fear is an ague, that forsakes 471  
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes :  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain  
 And blows they felt to-day, again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home, 475  
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his mistress's name.  
 His pistol next he cock'd a-new,  
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew : 480  
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd  
 With iron heel his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed 485  
 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Mean while the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handy-blows : 490  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone  
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one  
 As that which Diomed did maul  
 Æneas on the bum withal ;  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495  
 T' have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above ground, or below,  
 Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.  
 The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire ; 500  
 But Hudibras advanc'd to his aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd.

He wisely doubting lest the shot  
 O' th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 305  
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows,  
 And, that he might their aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line,  
 But prudently forbore to fire,  
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher: 310  
 As expert warriors use to do,  
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
 'Tis order the advent'rous Knight,  
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight;  
 When Fortune, as she's wont, turn'd fickle, 315  
 And for the foe began to stickle.  
 The more shame for her Goodyship  
 To give so near a friend the slip,  
 For Colon chusing out a stone,  
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 320  
 His manly paunch, with such a force,  
 As almost beat him off his horse.  
 He lost his whinyard, and the rein;  
 But laying fast hold of the mane,  
 Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose 325  
 In death contracts his talons close;  
 So did the Knight, and with one claw  
 The tricker of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off: and as it was  
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 330  
 In all his feats of arms, when least  
 He dream'd of it, to prosper best;  
 So now he far'd: the shot let fly  
 At random 'mong the enemy,

Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535  
 Upon his shoulder in the passing;  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,  
 Who straight, A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon:  
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,  
 Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell. 540  
 This startled their whole body so,  
 That if the Knight had not let go  
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 H' had won, the second time, the fight;  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545  
 He had inevitably done:  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
 In close encounter, they both wag'd,  
 The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.  
 And now the busy work of death 555  
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,  
 Preparing to renew the fight;  
 When the disaster of the Knight  
 And th' other party did divert.  
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
 And Cerdon where Magnano was;  
 Each striving to confirm his party  
 With stout encouragements, and hearty.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir 565  
 And let revenge and honour stir.

Your spirits up; once more fall on,  
 The shatter'd foe begins to run :  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 To use your victory as subdue, 570  
 They durst not, after such a blow  
 As you have giv'n them, face us now ;  
 But from so formidable a soldier  
 Had fled, like crows when they smell powder.  
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575  
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.  
 But if you let them recollect  
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,  
 You'll have a harder game to play.  
 Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard  
 By Hudibras with small regard.  
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;  
 To which he answer'd, Cruel fate 585  
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
 The clotted blood within my hose,  
 That from my wounded body flows,  
 With mortal crisis doth portend  
 My days to appropinque an end. 590  
 I am for action now unfit,  
 Either of fortitude or wit.  
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,  
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.  
 I am not apt, upon a wound 595  
 Or trivial basting, to despond :  
 Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail ;  
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,

Or that we'd time enough as yet  
 To make an hon'rab!e retreat, 608  
 'Twere the best course: but if they find  
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,  
 For them to seize on, the dishonour,  
 And danger too, is such, I'll sooner  
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 609  
 To let them see I am no starter.  
 In all the trade of war, no feat  
 Is nobler than a brave retreat:  
 For those that run away, and fly,  
 Take place, at least, o' th' enemy. 610

This said, the Squire with active speed  
 Dismounted from his bonny steed,  
 To seize the arms which by mischance  
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
 These being found out, and restor'd 613  
 To Hudibras their nat'ral Lord,  
 As a man may say, with might and main  
 He hasted to get up again.  
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft;  
 But, by his weighty bum, as oft 620  
 He was pull'd back, till having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike steed,  
 And having plac'd him right, with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast: 625  
 When Orsin, who had newly dress'd  
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol, with Promethean powder,  
 And now was searching for the shot  
 That laid Magnano on the spot, 630

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforeſaid  
 Preparing to climb up his horſe-ſide :  
 He left his cure, and laying hold  
 Upon his arms, with courage bold  
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635  
 The enemy begin to rally :

Let us that are unhurt and whole;  
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.  
 This ſaid, like to a thunderbolt  
 He flew with fury to th' affault, 640  
 Striving th' enemy to attack  
 Before he reach'd his horſe's back.

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beaſt with active vaulting,  
 Wriggling his body to recover 645  
 His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over ;  
 When Orſin ruſhing in, beſtow'd  
 On horſe and man ſo heavy a load,  
 The beaſt was ſtartled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run 650  
 Bearing the tough Squire like a ſack,  
 Or ſtout King Richard on his back :  
 Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.

Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655  
 The ſparkles of his wonted prowels :  
 He thruſt his hand into his hoſe,  
 And found both by his eyes and noſe,  
 'Twas only choler and not blood,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd. 660  
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
 Inſlam'd him with deſpiteful ire :

Courageously he fac'd about,  
And drew his other pistol out;  
And now had half way bent the cock, 665  
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,  
With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,  
That down it fell, and did no harm :  
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
Essay'd to pull him off his steed. 670  
The Knight his sword had only left,  
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
Or at the least cropt off a limb,  
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.  
He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675  
Upon his quarters opposite  
But as a bark, that in foul weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,  
And knows not which to turn him to : 680  
So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;  
Till Orsin, charging with his lance  
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance,  
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685  
And laid him flat upon the ground.  
At this the Knight began to chear up,  
And raising up himself on stirrup,  
Cry'd out, *Victoria*, lie thou there,  
And I shall straight dispatch another 690  
To bear thee company in death :  
But first I'll halt a while, and breath-  
As well he might : for Orsin, griev'd  
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,

**Canto III. H U D I B R A S.** 307  
 Ran to relieve him with his lore, 693  
 And cure the hurt he gave before.  
 Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,  
 To breathe himself, and next find out  
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 He might the ruffled foe infest. 700  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spur'd his steed  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care  
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware:  
 But he was quick, and had already 705  
 Unto the part apply'd remedy:  
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
 Then like a warrior right expert  
 And skilful in the martial art, 710  
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
 And then, in order, to retire;  
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd  
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruis'd: his limbs all o'er,  
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore: 720  
 Right fain he would have got upon  
 His feet again, to get him gone;  
 When Hudibras to aid him came.  
 Quoth he, and call'd him by his name,  
 Courage, the day at length is ours, 725  
 And we once more as conquerors,



Have both the field and honour won ;  
The foe is profligate and run ;

I mean all such as can, for some

This hand has sent to their long home ; 730

And some lie sprawling on the ground,

With many a gash and bloody wound.

Cæsar himself could never say

He got two vict'ries in a day ;

As I have done, that can say, Twice I 735

In one day, *veni, vidi, vici.*

The foe's so numerous, that we

Cannot so often *vincere*,

As they *perire*, and yet enow

Be left to strike an after-blow. 740

Then left they rally, and once more

Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,

Get up and mount thy steed, dispatch,

And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745

In case for action, now be here ;

Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd

An arse, for fear of being bang'd.

It was for you I got these harms,

Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750

The blows and drubs I have receiv'd,

Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd

My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,

And reach your hand to pull me up,

I shall lie here, and be a prey 755

To those who now are run away :

That thou shalt not, quoth Hudibras ;

We read the Ancients held it was





More honourable far, *servare*  
*Civem*, than slay an adversary : 760  
 The one we oft to-day have done;  
 The other shall dispatch anon:  
 And tho' th' art of a diff'rent Church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.  
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765  
 And steer'd him gently tow'rd the Squire,  
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
 His hands out, and at Ralpho reach'd;  
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770  
 She had been long in search about  
 Magnano's wound to find it out;  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him, was got;  
 But having found the worst was past, 775  
 She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the prisoners,  
 Which in all feats of arms were her's;  
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780  
 To succour him; for, as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
 On t' other side, that down he fell.  
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she), or die; 785  
 Thy life is mine, and liberty:  
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790

Thy arms and baggage now my right :  
 And if thou hast the heart to try't,  
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
 And once more for thy carcase vile  
 Fight upon tick.-----Quoth Hudibras,      795  
 Thou offer'st nobly, valiant last,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word.  
 First let me rise, and take my sword :  
 That sword which has so oft this day  
 Thro' squadrons of my foes made way,      800  
 And to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
 Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
 But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,      805  
 Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a victor's course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial force :  
 For if with conquest I come off,  
 (And that I shall do sure enough),      810  
 Quarter thou can'st not have nor grace  
 By law of arms in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
     I scorn, quoth she, thou coxcomb silly,  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,      815  
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech),  
 Quarter, or counsel from a foe :  
 If thou can'st force me to it, do.  
 But lest it should again be said,  
 When I have once more won thy head      820  
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
 Atm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the Knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home,     825  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.  
 Stand to't, quoth she, or yield to mercy;  
 It is not fighting arsie-versie  
 Shall serve thy turn.-----This stir'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in,     830  
 The blows he felt, or was to feel.  
 Altho' th' already made him reel;  
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,  
 At once into his stomach came;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm     835  
 Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,  
 As if he meant to bash her quick;  
 But she upon her truncheon took them,  
 And by oblique diversion broke them,     840  
 Waiting an opportunity  
 To pay all back with usury;  
 Which long she fail'd not of: for now  
 The Knight with one dead-doing blow  
 Resolving to decide the fight     845  
 And she with quick and cunning sleight  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight  
 He charg'd upon it was so great,  
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
 No sooner she th' advantage found,     850  
 But in she flew; and seconding  
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,  
 She laid him flat upon his side;  
 And mounting on his trunk astride,

Quoth she, I told thee what would come      855  
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum.  
 Say, will the law of arms allow  
 I may have grace and quarter now ?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword ?      860  
 A man of war to damn his soul,  
 In basely breaking his parole ;  
 And when before the fight th' had'st vow'd  
 To give no quarter in cold blood ;  
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,      865  
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter.  
 Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word ?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;  
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down :      870  
 My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :  
 My loss of honour's great enough,  
 Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff ;  
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,      875  
 But cannot blur my lost renown :  
 I am not now in Fortune's pow'r ;  
 He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The antient heroes were illustrious,  
 For being benign, and not blustrous,      880  
 Against a vanquish'd foe ; their swords  
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;  
 And did in fight but cut work out  
 T' employ their courtesies about.  
 Quoth she, Altho' thou hast deserv'd      885  
 Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd

As thou did'st vow to deal with me,  
 If thou had'st got the victory;  
 Yet I shall rather act a part  
 That suits my fame than thy desert. 890  
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,  
 Of which I will not bate one straw :  
 The rest, thy life and limbs once more, 895  
 Tho' double forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late  
 For me to treat, or stipulate ;  
 What thou command'st, I must obey.  
 Yet these whom I expung'd to-day, 900  
 Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too ;  
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.  
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905  
 Let one another run away,

Concerns not me ; but was't not thou  
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?  
 Crowdero, whom in irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910  
 Where still he lies, and with regret  
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret :  
 But now thy carcase shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

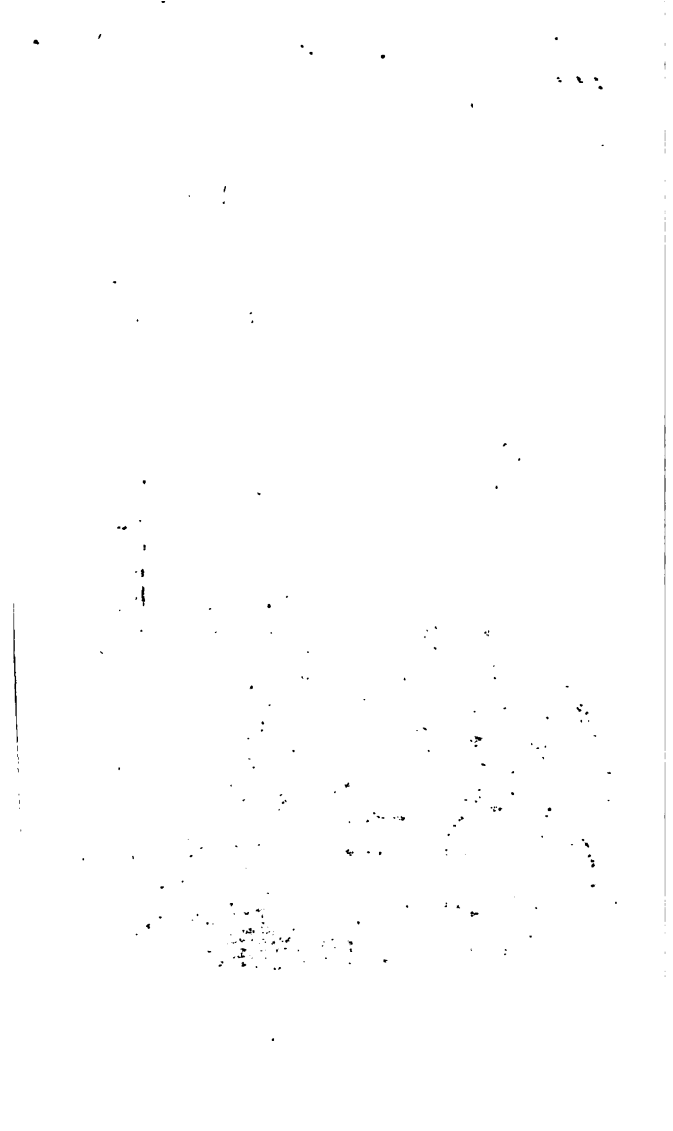
This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915  
 And laid his weapons at her feet.  
 Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,  
 And with it did himself resign.



She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 910  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.  
 And as the French we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
 The length of breeches, and the gathers, 915  
 Port-cannons, perriwigs, and feathers:  
 Just so the proud insulting lass.  
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Mean while the other champions, yest  
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 920  
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,  
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,  
 And out of Hudibras his hide  
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd  
 Which now they were about to pour 925  
 Upon him in a wooden show'r.  
 But Trulla thrust herself between,  
 And striding o'er his back agen,  
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
 And vow'd they should not break her word, 930  
 Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood  
 Or theirs should make that quarter good,  
 For she was bound by law of arms  
 To see him safe from further harms, 935  
 In dungeon deep Crowdero cast  
 By Hudibras as yet lay fast;  
 Where, to the hard and rusple'st stones,  
 His great heart made perpetual moans:  
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras  
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 940





This stopt their fury and the basting  
 Which towards Hudibras was hasting.  
 They thought it was but just and right,  
 That what she had atchiev'd in fight,  
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd; 955  
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd:  
 Nor could that any way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:  
 For who a better could imagine?  
 This therefore they resolv'd to engage in. 960  
 The Knight and square first they made  
 Rise from the ground where they were laid:  
 Then mounted both upon their horses,  
 But with their faces to their arses,  
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965  
 And Tagol that which Ralpho prest  
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
 And Colon waited as a guard on;  
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,  
 With the arms of either prisoner. 970  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way;  
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed, than shows 975  
 And triumphs over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow; or than the bears,  
 Or pageants born before lord mayors  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd  
 In order soldier-like contriv'd; 980  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.

The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 They all advanc'd and round about     985  
 Begirt the magical redoubt:  
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter.  
 For he was skilful in black art,  
 No less than he that built the fort :     990  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at ;  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowders laid upon the ground.  
 Him they release from durance base,     995  
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The Knight and Squire, where he was shut.  
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow     1005  
 Incharnted mansion to know sorrow ;  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.  
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To fortune, or be said to droop ;     1010  
 Chear'd up himself with ends of verse,  
 And sayings of philosophers.  
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,

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And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not restraint or liberty,  
 That makes men prisoners or free ;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 The mind, or æquanimities. 1010  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
 Diogenes: who is not said 1025  
 (For ought that ever I could read).  
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because he had ne'er another tub.  
 The ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
 Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030  
 The active and the passive valiant ;  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant :  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are equi-necessary :  
 But in defeats, the passive stout 1035  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo  
 The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.  
 Tho' we with blacks and blues are fuggill'd,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd ; 1040  
 He that is val'ant, and dares fight,  
 Through drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chatle 1045  
 Not to be forfeited in battle.

If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the bed of honour lain;  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 To ly in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050  
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright;  
 So valour in a low estate, 1055  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow;  
 But none that see how here we sit,  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060  
 As Gifted Brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much; so well enough 1065  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off;  
 For who without a cap and bauble,  
 Having subdu'd a Bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof? 1070  
 A politic exploit right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit,

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckow's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:  
 When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075  
 Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale  
 To take the height on't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane;

Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)  
Thy light jump right, thou call'st *synodical*. 1080

As if Presbytery were a standard,  
To seize whats'ever's to be slander'd.  
Do'st not remember how this day  
Thou to my beard was bold to say,  
That thou couldst prove bear-baiting equal 1085  
With synods, orthodox and legal?  
Do, if thou can'st; for I deny't,  
And dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
Hard matter for a man to do, 1090  
That has but any guts in's brains,  
And could believe it worth his pains;  
But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are myfical bear-gardens, 1095  
Where elders, deputies, church-wardens,  
And other members of the court,  
Manage the Babylonish sport.

For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,  
Do differ only in a mere word. 1100  
Both are but sev'ral synagogues

Of carnal men, and bears and dogs;  
Both antichristian assemblies,  
To mischief bent as far's in them lyes;  
Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105

The one with men, the other beasts.  
The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
The tongue, the other with the teeth;  
And that they bait but bears in this,  
In t'other souls and consciences; 1110



Where saints themselves are brought to stake  
For gospel-light and conscience-stake;  
Expos'd to scribes and Presbyters,  
Instead of massive dogs and curs;  
Than whom th' have less humanity, 1115  
For these at souls of men will fly.  
This to the prophet did appear,  
Who in a vision saw a bear,  
Prefiguring the beastly rage  
Of church-rule, in this latter age: 1120  
As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the Pope's bull.  
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
That live by rapine; so do they.  
What are their orders, constitutions, 1125  
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
To tie poor Christians to the stake,  
And then set Heathen officers,  
Instead of dogs, about their ears? 1130  
For to prohibit and dispense,  
To find out or to make offence;  
Of Hell and Heaven to dispose,  
To play with souls at fast and loose;  
To set what characters they please, 1135  
And mulcts on sin or godliness;  
Reduce the church to gospel order,  
By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;  
To make Presbytery supreme,  
And kings themselves submit to them: 1140  
And force all people, tho' against  
Their consciences, to turn saints;

Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When saints monopolists are made.  
 When pious frauds and holy shifts    1145  
 Are dispensations and gifts,  
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps of th' inquisition,  
 A mungrel breed of like pernicion,    1150  
 And growing up, became the fires  
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers;  
 Whose bus'ness is by cunning slight,  
 To cast a figure for men's light;  
 To find in lines of beard and face,    1155  
 The physiognomy of grace;  
 And by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be sound within, disclose;  
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,  
 As men try pipkins by the ringing;    1160  
 By black caps underlaid with white,  
 Give certain guesses at inward light,  
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,  
 To make the spiritual calling clear.  
 The handkerchief about the neck    1165  
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,  
 From whom the institution came,  
 When church and state they set on flame,  
 And worn by them as badges then  
 Of spiritual warfaring men),    1170  
 Judge rightly if regeneration  
 Be of the newest cut in fashion;  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
 That grace is founded in dominion.

Great piety consists in pride ; 1175

To rule is to be sanctified ;

To domineer, and to controul,

Both o'er the body and the soul,

Is the most perfect discipline

Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180

Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were

More moderate then these by far :

For they, poor knaves, were glad to cheat,

To get their wives and children meat ;

But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185

'They must have wealth and power too ;

Or else with blood and desolation

They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive

And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190

When butchers were the only clerks,

Elders and Presbyters of kirks,

Whose directory was to kill ;

And some believe it is so still.

The only difference is, that then 1195

They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.

For then to sacrifice a bullock,

Or now and then a child to Moloch,

They count a vile abomination,

But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200

Presbytery does but translate

The Papacy to a free state ;

A commonwealth of Popery,

Where ev'ry village is a see

As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205

A tithe-pig metropolitan :

Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon;  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By's Holiness, the church's head; 1210  
 More haughty and severe in's place,  
 Than Gregory or Boniface.  
 Such church must surely be a monster  
 With many heads; for if we consider  
 What in th' Apocalyps we find, 1215  
 According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon  
 With many heads did ride upon;  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1220  
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind, 1225  
 Cleric before, and lay behind;  
 A lawless linsley-woolsley brother,  
 Half of one order, half another;  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 On land a beast, a fish in water; 1230  
 That always preys on grace or sin;  
 A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief  
 Dominion over mens' belief  
 And manners; can pronounce a saint 1235  
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
 When superciliously he sifts  
 'Thro' coarsest boulder others' gifts.

For all men live and judge amiss,  
Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240

He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
On dullest noddle light and grace,  
The manufacture of the kirk;  
Those pastors are but th' handy-work  
Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245  
Divinity in them by feeling;

From whence they start up chosen vessels,  
Made by contact, as men get meazles.  
So cardinals, they say, do grope  
At t'other end the new-made Pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, soft fire,  
They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast;

For haste, the proverb says, makes waste.  
The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255  
Are false, and built upon mistake.

And I shall bring you with your pack  
Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;  
And put your arguments in mood  
And figure to be understood. 1260

I'll force you by right ratiocination  
To leave your vitilization,  
And make you keep to the question close,  
And argue *dialecticus*.

The question then, to state it first, 1265  
Is which is better, or which worst,  
Synods or bears? bears I avow  
To be the worst, and synods thou.  
But to make good th' assertion,  
Thou say'st th' are really all one. 1270

If so, not worst; for if th' are *idem*,

Why then, *tandundem dat tandidem*.

For if they are the same, by course

Neither is better, neither worse.

But I deny they are the same,

1275

More than a maggot and I am.

That both are *animalia*,

I grant; but not *rationalia*:

For though they do agree in kind,

Specific difference we find;

1280

And can no more make bears of these,

Than prove my horse is Socrates.

That synods are bear-gardens too,

Thou do'st affirm; but I say, no.

And thus I prove it, in a word;

1285

Whats'ever assembly's not empower'd

To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,

Can be no synod; but bear-garden

Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none:

And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

1290

But yet we are beside the question,

Which thou didst raise the first contest on:

For that was, Whether bears were better

Than synod-men? I say, *Negatur*.

That bears are beasts, and synods men,

1295

Is held by all; they're better then:

For bears and dogs on four legs go,

As beasts; but synod-men on two.

'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;

But prove that synod-men have tails;

1300

Or that a rugged, shagged fur

Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter;

Or that his snout or spacious ears  
 Do hold proportion with a bear's.  
 A bear's a savage beast, of all  
 Most ugly and unnatural;  
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
 Has lick'd it into shape and frame:  
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
 That ever synod-man was lick'd;  
 Or brought to any other fashion,  
 Than his own will and inclination.

1305

1310

But thou do'st further yet in this  
 Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,  
 Thou would'st have Presbyters to go  
 For bears and dogs, and bearwards too;  
 A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
 Made up of pieces heterogene;  
 Such as in nature never met

1315

*In eodem subjecto.* yet.

1320

Thy other arguments are all  
 Supposures hypothetical,  
 That do but beg, and we may chuse  
 Either to grant them, or refuse  
 Much thou hast said; which I know when  
 And where thou stol'st from other men,  
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts  
 Are all but plagiary shifts);  
 And is the same that ranter said,  
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,  
 And tore a handful of my beard.  
 The self-same cavils then I heard,  
 When b'ing in hot dispute about  
 This controversy, we fell out:

1325

1330

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And what thou know'st I answer'd then,     1335  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse  
Of human learning you produce ;  
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
Profane, erroneous, and vain ;     1340

A trade of knowledge, as replete  
As others are with fraud and cheat :  
An art t' encumber gifts and wit,  
And render both for nothing fit ;  
Makes light inactive, dull and troubled,     1345  
Like little David in Saul's doublet ;

A cheat that scholars put upon  
Other mens' reason and their own ;  
A sort of error, to ensconce  
Absurdity and ignorance,     1350

That renders all the avenues  
To truth, impervious and abstruse,  
By making plain things, in debate,  
By art perplex'd and intricate :  
For nothing goes for sense or light,     1355  
That will not with old rules jump right :

As if rules were not in the schools  
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
This Pagan, Heathenish invention  
Is good for nothing but contention.     1360

For as, in sword-and-buckler fight,  
All blows do on the target light :  
So when men argue, the great'st part  
O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
Until the' fustian stuff be spent,     1365  
And then they fall to th' argument.



Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast  
 Outrun the constable at last:  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,     1370  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white:  
 Mere *disparata*, that concerning  
 Presbytery, this human learning;  
 Two things I' averse, they never yet     1375  
 But in the rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,  
 Some other time and place more proper  
 Than this w' are in; therefore let's stop here,  
 And rest our wearied bones a while,     1380  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

H U D I B R A S.

PART SECOND.

C A N T O F I R S T.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician  
Being cast illegally in prison ;  
Love brings his action on the case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the Lady's visit,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Which she defers ; yet, on parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

**B**UT now t' observe romantic method,  
Let bloody steel a while be sheathed  
And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,  
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,  
To let our reader breathe a while :  
In which that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of preface,  
It's not enough to make one strange,  
That some mens fancies should ne'er change, 10

But make all people do and say  
 The same things still the self-same way?  
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:      -  
 Others make all their knights in fits      15  
 Of jealousy to lose their wits;  
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like Witches,  
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.  
 Some always thrive in their amours,  
 By pulling plaisters off their sores;      20  
 As cripples do to get an alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their dames.  
 Some force whole regions, in despite  
 O' geography, to change their site:  
 Make former times shake hands with latter,      25  
 And that which was before, come after.  
 But those that write in rhyme, still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake;  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think's sufficient at one time.      30

But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,  
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,  
 And conjur'd into safe custody:  
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,      35  
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,  
 And desperate of any course,  
 To free himself by wit or force:  
 His only solace was, that now  
 His dogs-bolt fortune was so low,      40  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend;

Canto I. H U D I B R A S.

131

In which he found th' event, no less  
Than other times, beside his guests.

There is a tall long-sided dame,  
(But wonderous light,) ycleped *Fame*,  
That like a thin cameleon boards

43

Herself on air, and eats her words:

Upon her shoulders wings she wears

Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd thro' with ears,

50

And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,

Made good by deep mythologist:

With these she thro' the welkin flies,

And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;

With letters hung like eastern pigeons,

55

And Mercuries of farthest regions;

Diurnals writ for regulation

Of lying, to inform the nation;

And by their public use to bring down

The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.

60

About her neck a packet-mail,

Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,

Of men that walk'd when they were dead,

And cows of monsters brought to bed;

Of hailstones big as pullets eggs,

65

And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;

A blazing star seen in the west,

By six or seven men at least.

Two trumpets she does sound at once;

But both of clean contrary tones;

70

But whether both of the same wind,

Or one before, and one behind,

We know not, only this can tell

The one sounds vilely, th' other well;

And therefore vulgar authors name 75  
The one *good*, t' other *evil fame*.

This tattling gossip knew too well,  
What mischief Hudibras befel;  
And straight the spiteful tiding bears  
Of all, to th' unkind widow's ears. 80

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,  
To see bauds carted through the croud,  
Or funerals with stately pomp,  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85  
As well as sides, was like to crack.

She vow'd she would go see the fight,  
And visit the distressed Knight;  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
And be a gossip at his labour; 90

And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
To set at large his fetter-locks,  
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion.  
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95  
And usher, implements abroad

Which ladies wear, besides a slender  
Young waiting damsel to attend her.  
All which appearing, on she went,  
To find the Knight in limbo pent. 100

And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and his stout Squire, in the pound,  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By farther leg behind together:  
For as he sat upon his rump,  
His head like one in doleful dump,

Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
 Unto his ears on either side;  
 And by him, in another hole,  
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl:     110  
 She came upon him in his wooden  
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
 As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,     115  
 But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
 To be seen by her in such a place;  
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
 And wink, and goggle like an owl,     120  
 He felt his brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the dame accosted him.

This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,     125  
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:  
 Look, there are two of them appear,  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.  
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,     130  
 With saucer-eyes, and horns; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum:  
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
 That give a wrong account of faces;  
 That beard and I should be acquainted,     135  
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;  
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if't had lately been in combat,

It did belong to a worthy Knight,  
Howe'er this goblin is come by't. 140

When Hudibras the Lady heard,  
Discourfing thus upon his beard,  
And fpeak with fuch refpect and honour,  
Both of the beard, and the beard's owner;  
He thought it beft to fet as good 145  
A face upon it as he cou'd,  
And thus he fpoke. Lady, your bright  
And radiant eyes are in the right;  
The beard's th'identic beard you knew,  
The fame numerically true: 150  
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
But its proprietor himfelf.

O heav'ns ! quoth ſhe, can that be true;  
I do begin to fear 'tis you;  
Not by your individual whifkers, 155  
But by your dialect and difcourfe,  
That never fpoke to man or beaft  
In notions vulgarly expreff.  
But what malignant ftar, alas !  
Has brought you both to this fad-pafs? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,  
Which I am lefs afflicted for,  
Than to be feen with beard and face  
By you in fuch a homely cafe.

Quoth ſhe, Thofe need not be afham'd 165  
For being honourably maim'd;  
If he that is in battle conquer'd,  
Have any title to his own beard,  
Tho' yours be forely lugg'd and torn,  
It does your viſage more adorn, 170

Than if 'twere prun'd and starch'd, and lander'd,  
 And cut square by the Russian standard,  
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,  
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
 That petticoat about your shoulders. 175

Does not so well become a soldier's;  
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled;  
 Altho' i' th' rear, your beard the van led:  
 And those unseen bruises make  
 My heart for company to ake, 180  
 To see so worshipful a friend  
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd *pain*  
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)  
 Not bad *simpliciter*, not good; 185  
 But mercy as 'tis understood.  
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign,  
 As well in counterfeiting pain  
 As other gross *phænomenas*,  
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190  
 But since th' immortal intellect

(That's free from error and defect,  
 Whose objects still persist the same)  
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,  
 Which nought external can expose 195  
 To gross material bangs or blows;  
 It follows, we can ne'er be sure,  
 Whether we pain or not endure;  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200  
 Some have been wounded with conceit,  
 And dy'd of mere opinion straight;



Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,  
Felt no contusion, nor discretion.

A Saxon duke did grow so fat,      205

That mice, as histories relate,  
Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
His postic parts, without his feeling :

Then how is't possible a kick  
Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?      210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
For one that's basted, to feel pain,  
Because the pangs his bones endure,  
Contribute nothing to the cure :

Yet honour hurt, is wont to rage      215  
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,  
That takes a basting for a blemish;  
For what's more honourable than scars,  
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?      220

Some have been beaten till they know  
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow :  
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;

And yet have met; after long running,      225  
With some whom they have taught that cunning,

The farthest way about t' o'ercome,  
I' th' end does prove the nearest home ;

By laws of learned duellists,  
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,      230

And think one beating may for once  
Suffice, are cowards and poltroons :

But if they dare engage t' a second,  
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd,

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235  
 Our princes worship, with a blow :  
 King Pyrrhus car'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240  
 And pardon'd for some great offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense;  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly;  
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows,  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil; 250  
 And justly's held more formidable;  
 The more his valour's malleable;  
 But he that fears a bastinado,  
 Will run away from his own shadow:  
 And tho' I'm now in durance fast, 255  
 By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,  
 And worse than by the en'my us'd,  
 In close *catasts* shut, past hope  
 Of wit, or valour, to elope: 260  
 As beards the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth, still grow more reverent;  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their breeches:  
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265  
 Advance me to a greater height.

. . Quoth she, Y' have almost made m' in love  
 With that which did my pity move.  
 Great wits, and valours, like great states,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights: 270  
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
 Like east and west, become the same :  
 No Indian prince has to his palace  
 More followers than a thief to th' gallows.  
 But if a beating seem so brave, 275  
 What glories must a whipping have ?  
 Such great atchievements cannot fail  
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :  
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 280  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard  
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :  
 'Thought he, this is the lucky hour: 285  
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r;  
 'This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
 And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,  
 Shall be to all the world made out: 290  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
 And magnanimity I bear it ;  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake myself down against you :  
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295  
 Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;

And tho' I praise'd your valour, yet  
 I did not mean to baulk your wit ;      300  
 Which if you have, you must needs know  
 What I have told you before now.  
 And you b' experiment have prov'd,  
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich,      305  
 Beyond th' infliction of a Witch ;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim,  
 That do not understand the game.  
 Love in your heart as idly burns,  
 As fire in antique Roman urns,      310  
 To warm the dead, and vainly light  
 Those only that see nothing by't.  
 Have you not pow'r to entertain,  
 And render love for love again ;  
 As no man can draw in his breath      315  
 At once, and force out air beneath ?  
 Or do you love yourself so much,  
 To bear all rivals else a grutch ?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse  
 Than you upon yourself would force ?      320  
 For wedlock without love, some say,  
 Is but a lock without a key,  
 It is a kind of rape to marry  
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye :  
 For what does make it raviſhment,      325  
 But b'ing againſt the mind's conſent ?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman,  
 For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair but to entice us  
 To love you, that you may deſpiſe us ?      330

But though you cannot love, you say,  
Out of your own fanatic way,  
Why should you not at least allow  
Those that love you to do so too ?

For as you fly me, and pursue      335  
Love more averse, so I do you ;  
And am by your own doctrine taught  
To practise what you call a fault.

Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
You must fly me as I do you :      340  
But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
In love and preaching, that must sway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,      345  
Or, when I'm in a fit, to hickup ;

Command me to piss out the moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done.  
Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood  
By feeble human flesh and blood.      350

'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
The heft'ring kill-cow Hercules ;  
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin  
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle      355  
T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.  
'Twas he that made emperors gallants  
To their own sisters, and their aunts ;

Set Popes and Cardinals agog,  
To play with pages at leap-frog.      360  
'Twas he that gave our senate purges,  
And flux'd the house of many a burghess ;

Made those that represent the nation,  
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal 365  
 Adjourn to tubs, at spring and fall,  
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-lane, and Little-Sodom ;  
 Made 'em curvet, like Spanish jennets,  
 And take the ring at Madam----- 370  
 'Twas he that made St Francis do  
 More than the devil could tempt him to ;  
 In cold and frosty weather grow ;  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And tho' she were of rigid temper, 375  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;  
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,  
 Why is it not forbid our sex ! 380  
 Why is't not damn'd and interdicted  
 For diabolical and wicked ?  
 And sung, as out of tune, against,  
 As Turk and Pope are by the saints ?  
 I find I've greater reason for it 385  
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
 Spring from your Heathenish neglects  
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ; 390  
 And those who worthy lovers sleight,  
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.  
 This made the beauteous queen of Crete  
 To take a town bull for her sweet ;

And from her greatness stoop so low, 395

To be the rival of a cow:

Others to prostitute their great hearts,

To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts ;

Some with the dev'l himself in a league grow

By's representative a negro. 400

'Twas this made vestal-maids love-sick,

And venture to be buried quick :

Some by their fathers, and their brothers

To be made mistresses and mothers.

'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405

On lacquies, and valets des chambres ;

Their haughty stomachs overcomes,

And make them stoop to dirty grooms ;

To sleight the world, and to disparage

Claps, issues, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,

Yet such as I should rather bear,

Than trust men with their oaths, or prove

Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415

For secrecy in love, as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,

That in the windore-eye does steal in

To rob the heart, and with his prey

Steals out again a closer way ; 420

Which whosoever can discover,

He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles

In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,

Which footy chymists stop in holes, 425

When out of wood they extract coals :

So lovers should their passions choke,  
That though they burn, they may not smoke.  
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole: 430  
So love does lovers, and us men  
Draws by the tails into his den ;  
That no impression may discover,  
And trace to's cave the wary lover.  
But if you doubt I should reveal 435  
What you intrust me under seal,  
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
As your own secretary, Albertus,  
Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
In hiding what your aims propose: 440  
Love-passions are like parables,  
By which men still mean something else:  
Though love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologic sense,  
The real substance of the shadow, 445  
Which all address and courtship's made to.  
Thought he, I understand your play,  
And how to quit you your own way :  
He that will win his dame, must do  
As love does, when he bends his bow ; 450  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.  
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
Provocative to am'rous heat ;  
It is all philtres, and high diet, 455  
That makes love rampant, and to fly out :  
'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :



'Tis that by which the sun and moon  
At their own weapons are undone : 460  
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
And lay about them in romances :  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
That men divine and sacred call :  
For what is worth in any thing, 465  
But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
Or what but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own ;  
In which no creature goes his half,  
Unless it be to squint and laugh ? 470  
I do confess, with goods and land,  
I'd have a wife at second hand ?  
And such you are : nor is't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches ;  
Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please,  
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,  
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480  
Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
Or any feat of qualm or swooning,  
But hanging of yourself, or drowning:  
Your only way with me to break 485  
Your mind, is breaking of your neck ;  
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like nine-pins, they strike others down ;  
So that would break my heart, which done,  
My tempting fortune is your own. 490

These are but trifles: ev'ry lover  
 Will damn himself, over and over,  
 And greater matters undertake  
 For a less worthy mistress' sake:  
 Yet they're the only ways to prove 495  
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love;  
 For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
 The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, The way's too rough  
 For mere experiment and proof; 500  
 It is no jesting trixial matter,  
 To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,  
 And, like a water-witch, try love;  
 That's to destroy, and not to prove:  
 As if a man should be dissected, 505  
 To find what part is disaffected.  
 Your better way is to make over  
 In trust, your fortune to your lover:  
 Trust is a trial; if it break,  
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck: 510  
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain;  
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:  
 The soldier does it ev'ry day  
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:  
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515  
 To share with knaves in cheating fools:  
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.  
 This is the way I'dvise you to;  
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loath to run  
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none;

Which must be done, unless some deed  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede :  
 Give but yourself one gentle swing 323  
 For trial, and I'll cut the string;  
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
 Or two, or three, against a wall;  
 To shew you are a man of mettle,  
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 330

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was ;  
 Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,  
 That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof :  
 As it had need to be, to enter 335  
 As yet on any new adventure :  
 You see what bangs it hath endur'd,  
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd :  
 But if that's all you stand upon,  
 Here strike me back, it shall be done. 340

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
 As you suppose ; two words to a bargain ;  
 That may be done, and time enough,  
 When you have given downright proof :  
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 345  
 I have to love, nor coy dislike :  
 'Tis no implicit, nice aversion,  
 T' your conversation, mien, or person ;  
 But a just fear, lest you should prove  
 False and perfidious in love : 350  
 For if I thought you could be true,  
 I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantine,  
 As chains of destiny, I'll maintain ;

**Canto 4.      H U D: I B: R A S.      247**  
 True as Apollo ever spoke,      555  
 Or oracle from heart of oak :  
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
 And shine upon me but benignly,  
 With that one, and that other pigsney,      560  
 The sun and day shall sooner part.  
 Than love or you shake off my heart ;  
 The sun, that shall no more dispense  
 His own, but your bright influence.  
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees,      565  
 With true love's-knots and flourishes;  
 That shall infuse eternal spring,  
 And everlasting flourishing;  
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in flum,  
 And make it bright champaign become.      570  
 Where-e'er you tread, your foot shall set  
 The primrose and the violet ;  
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;  
 Nature her charter shall renew,      575  
 And take all lives of things from you ;  
 The world depend upon your eye,  
 And when you frown upon it, die,  
 Only our love shall still survive,  
 New worlds, and natures to outlive ;      580  
 And like to heralds moons, remain  
 All crescents, without change or wane.  
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss :  
 For you will find it a hard chapter.      585  
 To catch me with poetic rapture,

In which your mastery of art  
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;  
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,  
 By dint of high heroic fustian. 590  
 She that with poetry is won,  
 Is but a desk to writ upon ;  
 And what men say of her, they mean  
 No more than on the thing they lean.  
 Some with Arabian spices strive 595  
 T' embalm her cruelly alive ;  
 Or season her, as French cooks use  
 Their haut-gous, bouillies, and ragous ;  
 Use her so barbarously ill  
 To grind her lips upon a mill, 600  
 Until the facet doublet doth  
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;  
 Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with  
 A row of pearl in't stead of teeth.  
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605  
 Where red and whitest colours mix ;  
 In which the lily and the rose  
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.  
 The sun and moon by her bright eyes  
 Eclips'd, and darken'd in the skies, 610  
 Are but black patches, which she wears  
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars :  
 By which astrologers, as well  
 As those in heav'n above, can tell  
 What strange events they do foreshow 615  
 Unto her under-world below.  
 Her voice, the music of the spheres,  
 So loud it deafens mortals' ears ;

As wise philosophers have thought;  
 And that's the cause we hear it not.      610  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose;  
 And in those ribbands would have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung:  
 That have the hard fate to write best      615  
 Of those still that deserve it least;  
 It matters not how false, or forg'd,  
 So the best things be said o' th' worst;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,      620  
 Whether it be a swan or goose  
 They level at: so shepherds use  
 To set the same mark on the hip.  
 Both of their found and rotten sheep:  
 For wits that carry low or wide,      625  
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
 But when they take their aim awry.  
 But I do wonder you should chuse  
 This way t' attack me with your muse,      630  
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on  
 With Fulhams of poetic fiction:  
 I rather hop'd, I should no more  
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting store;  
 For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove      635  
 The readiest remedies of love,  
 Next a dry diet; but if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy loop-hold jail,  
 In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;      640

Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
 If that may serve you for a cooler,  
 T' allay your mettle all agog  
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog:  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655  
 That for a bruis'd or broken pate,  
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
 Much harder on the marry'd brow:  
 But if no dread can cool your courage,  
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage; 660  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance:  
 Level at beauty, and at wit;  
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm before hand 665  
 In that already, with your command;  
 For where does beauty and high wit  
 But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,  
 But likeness and equality? 670  
 I know you cannot think me fit  
 To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit:  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
 To be the partner of your parts;  
 A grace, which if I could believe, 575  
 I've not the conscience, to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
 Is misinform'd; I'll state the case.  
 A man may be a legal donor  
 Of any thing whereof he's owner; 680  
 And may confer it where he lists,  
 I th' judgment of all casuists:

Then wit and parts, and valour, may  
 Be ali'nate, and made away,  
 By those that are proprietors,  
 As I may give or sell my horse.

685

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you;  
 But whether I may take, as well  
 As you may give away, or sell?  
 Buyers, you know, are bid beware;  
 And worse than thieves receivers are.

690

How shall I answer *hus* and *cr*,  
 For a roan gelding twelve hands high,  
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof, 695  
 A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof,  
 Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold  
 And in the open market toll'd for [for  
 And should I take you for a stray,  
 You must be kept a year and day. 700  
 (Ere I can own you), here i' th' pound,  
 Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:  
 And in the meantime I must pay  
 For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
 T' enervate this objection,  
 And prove myself by topic clear,  
 No gelding, as you would infer.  
 Loss of virility's averr'd  
 To be the cause of loss of beard, 705  
 That does (like embryo in the womb)  
 Abortive on the chin become.  
 This first a woman did invent,  
 In envy of man's ornament,

705

710



Semiramis of Babylon; 715

Who first of all cut men o' the stone,  
To mar their beards, and laid foundation  
Of sow-gelding operation.

Look on this beard and tell me whether  
Eunuchs ~~were~~ such, or geldings either? 720  
Next it appears I am no horse,

~~That~~ I can argue and discourse;  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail;  
For some philosophers of late here 725

Write, men have four legs by nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go  
Erroneously upon but two;

As 'twas in Germany made good  
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood; 730

And growing down t' a man, was wont  
With wolves upon all four to hunt.

As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
We cannot say they're true or false,  
Till you explain yourself, and show, 735  
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,

I'll give you satisfact'ry account;

So you will promise, if you lose,

To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done, quoth she,

To one that wants a tail, by me;

For tails by nature sure were meant,

As well as beards, for ornament;

And though the vulgar count them homely, 745

In man or beast they are so comely.

So genteel, alamode, and handsome,  
 I'll never marry one that wants one;  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,  
 You have one equal to your mane, 750  
 I'll be 'torn piece-meal by a horse,  
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad;  
 Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755  
 Each night he stinks a queen to death;  
 Yet I shall rather ly in's arms  
 Than your's, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford,  
 I shall produce, upon my word; 760  
 And if she ever gave that boon  
 To man, I'll prove that I have one;  
 I mean by postulate illation,  
 When you shall offer just occasion.  
 But since y' have yet denied to give 765  
 My heart, your prisoner, a reprieve,  
 But made it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel;  
 And for the sufferings of your martyr,  
 Give its poor entertainer quarter; 770  
 And by discharge, or main-prize, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg;  
 And if I knew which way to do't, 775  
 (Your honour safe), I'd let you out.  
 That dames by jail-delivery  
 Of errant-knight have been set free,

When by enchantment they have been,  
 And sometimes for it too, laid in; 760  
 Is that which knights are bound to do  
 By order, oath, and honour too:  
 For what are they renown'd and famous else,  
 But aiding of distressed damosels?  
 But for a lady no wife errant, 765  
 To free a knight, we have no warrant  
 In any authentional romance.  
 Or classic author yet of France;  
 And I'd be loath to have you break  
 An ancient custom for a freak, 770  
 Or innovation introduce  
 In place of things of antique use:  
 To free your heels by any course,  
 That might b' unwholesome to your spurs:  
 Which if I should consent unto, 775  
 It is not in my power to do;  
 Nor 'tis a service must be done ye,  
 With solemn previous ceremony:  
 Which always has been us'd to untie  
 The charms of those who here do lie: 800  
 For as the Ancients heretofore  
 To Honour's temple had no door,  
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay;  
 So from this dungeon there's no way  
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805  
 That other virtuous school of lasting,  
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
 With wooden lockers 'bout their wrists;  
 In which they for a while are tenants,  
 And for their ladies suffer penance: 810

Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,  
 Tut'refs of arts and sciences;  
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matter;  
 That lays foundation for renown, 816  
 And all the honours of the gown.  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with honourable discharge:  
 Then in the robes, the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820  
 And in their way attended on  
 By magistrates of every town:  
 And all respect and charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 Now, if you'll venture, for my sake, 825  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a whipping on;  
 (And may you prosper it your suit,  
 As you with equal virtue do't), 830  
 I here engage myself to loose ye,  
 And free your heels from caperdewie.  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835  
 And honour too, when you have done't;  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go  
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840  
 What med'cine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers, when they lose their wits?

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,  
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam      845

The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
And hence some rev'rend men approve,  
Of rosemary in making love.

As skilful coopers hoop their tubs ,  
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs ;      850

Why may not whipping have as good :  
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
With comely movements, and by art,  
Raise passion in a lady's heart ?

It is an easier way to make      855  
Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbin ?  
Make wicked verses, treats and faces,  
And spell names over with bear-glasses ?      860

Be under vows to hang and die  
Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?

With china-oranges and tarts,  
And whining plays lay baits for hearts ?  
Bribe chambermaids with love and money.      865

To break no roguish jests upon ye ?  
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?

Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,      1  
Do penance in a paper lantern ?      870

All this you may compound for now,  
By suffering what I offer you :  
Which is no more than has been done  
By knights for ladies long agoe ;

**Canto L.      H U D I B R A S.      157**  
 Did not the great La Mancha do so      875  
 For the Infanta Del Toboso?  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
 Himself a slave for Missa's sake!  
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
 Was tawn'd as gentle as a glove?      880  
 Was not young Florio (set to cool  
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum  
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?  
 Did not a certain lady whip      885  
 Of late her husband's own lordship?  
 And tho' a grandee of the hopse,  
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows;  
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,  
 And fir'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post;      890  
 And after in the sessions-court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't?  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,  
 And the Magician's circle, clear.      895  
     Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you injoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.  
     *Amen*, quoth she, then turn'd about,  
 And bid her squire let him out.      900  
 But ere an artist could be found  
 T' undo the charms another bound,  
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
 Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;  
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light,      905  
 That hides her face by day from sight,

(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade),  
 And in the lanthorn of the night,  
 With shining horns hung out her light ;      910  
 For darkness is the proper sphere,  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.  
 The twinkling stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre ;  
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,      915  
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
 His whipping penance till the morn,  
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
 And not to carry on a work  
 Of such importance in the dark,      920  
 With erring haste, but rather stay,  
 And do't in th' open face of day ;  
 And, in the mean time, go in quest  
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

## C A N T O S E C O N D.

### T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute  
 Within an ace of falling out,  
 Are parted with a sudden fright  
 Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
 With which adventuring to stickle,  
 They're sent away in hasty pickle.

'TIS strange how some men's tempers suit,  
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
 That for their own opinions stand fast  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;  
 That keep their consciences in caſes, 5  
 As fiddlers do their crowds and baſes;  
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
 To play a fit for argument :  
 Make true and false, unjust, and just,  
 Of no use but to be discusſt; 10  
 Dispute and set a paradox,  
 Like a strait boot upon the ſtocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully,  
 Than Helmont, Montaign, White or Lully.  
 So th' ancient Stoics in their porch, 15  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
 Beat out their brains in fight and ſtudy,  
 To prove that virtue is a body ;



That *boum* is an animal,  
 Makes good with stout polemic brawl : 20  
 In which some hundreds on the place  
 Were slain outright, and many a face  
 Retrench'd of noise, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd,  
 All which the Knight and Squire in wrath 25  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith,  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap. 30  
 And like a lobster boil'd, the morn,  
 From black to red began to turn ;  
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking,  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,  
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35  
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
 Resolving to dispatch the deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed.  
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,  
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling : 40  
 And, after many circumstances,  
 Which vulgar authors in romances  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
 To make impertinent description,  
 They got, with much ado, to horse 45  
 And to the castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the dame before  
 To suffer whipping duly swore :  
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50

He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said:

Whether it be direct infringing 35  
 An oath, if I should wave this swinging,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' equivocation swear:  
 Or whether 't be a lesser sin  
 To be forsworn, than act the thing. 60  
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
 T' inform my conscience, be discuss;  
 In which to err a tittle, may  
 To errors infinite make way:  
 And therefore I desire to know 65  
 Thy judgment, ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do injoin 't,  
 I shall enlarge upon the point;  
 And for my own part, do not doubt  
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70  
 But first, to state the case aright,  
 For best advantage of our light;  
 And thus 'tis, Whether't be a sin  
 To claw and curry your own skin,  
 Greater, or less, than to forbear, 75  
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.  
 But first o' th' first: the inward man,  
 And outward like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing: 80  
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,  
 But in a spiritual mystic sense;

Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
 In literal fray's abominable :  
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use 85  
 With Pagans, and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,  
 Like modern Indians to their idols :  
 And mungrel Christians of our times,  
 That exiate less with greater crimes, 90  
 And call the foul abomination  
 Contrition, and mortification.  
 Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,  
 With sinful members of the wicked ;  
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95  
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;  
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
 And Heathen stripes, by their example ?  
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
 Is impious, because they did it ; 100  
 This therefore may be justly reckon'd  
 A heinous sin, Now to the second,  
 That saints may claim a dispensation  
 To swear and forswear, on occasion,  
 I doubt not but it will appear 105  
 With pregnant light. The point is clear.  
 Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;  
 Too feeble implements to bind ;  
 And hold with deeds proportion, so  
 As shadows to a substance do. 110  
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
 The weaker vessel should submit :  
 Altho' your church be opposite  
 To ours, as Black Friars are to White,

**Canto I. H U D I B R A S. 103**  
 In rule and order; yet I grant 115  
 You are a reformedo faint;  
 And what the saints do claim as due,  
 You may pretend a title to:  
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,  
 Know little of their privilege; 120  
 Farther, I mean, than carrying on  
 Some self-advantage of their own:  
 For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,  
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,  
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125  
 I think there's little reason why:  
 Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,  
 Which 'twere impiety to say.  
 W' are not commanded to forbear  
 Indefinitely at all to swear; 130  
 But to swear idly, and in vain,  
 Without self-interest or gain:  
 For breaking of an oath and lying,  
 Is but a kind of self-denying,  
 A faint-like virtue, and from hence 135  
 Some have broke oaths by providence:  
 Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:  
 And this the constant rule and practice  
 Of all our late apostles acts is. 140  
 Was not the Cause at first begun  
 With perjury, and carried on?  
 Was there an oath the godly took,  
 But in due time and place they broke?  
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145  
 Before our plate, to have them burst,

And cast in fitter models, for  
 The present use of church and war ?  
 Did not our Worthies of the House,  
 Before they broke the peace, break vows ? 250  
 For having freed us, first, from both  
 Th' allegiance and supremacy oath,  
 Did they not, next compel the nation  
 To take and break the protestation ?  
 To swear, and after to recant 255  
 The solemn league and covenant ?  
 To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,  
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?  
 Did they not swear at first to fight  
 For the King's safety, and his right ; 260  
 And after march'd to find him out,  
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot ;  
 But yet still had the confidence  
 To swear it was in his defence ?  
 Did they not swear to live and die 265  
 With Essex, and straight laid him by ?  
 If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they, if th' did no more.  
 Did they not swear to maintain law,  
 In which that swearing made a flaw ? 270  
 For Protestant religion vow,  
 That did that vowing disallow ?  
 For privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a rent ?  
 And since, of all the three, not one 275  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear in express words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords ?

And after turn'd out the whole house-full  
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful?      180

So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;  
Vow'd that the redcoats would disband,  
Ay, marry'would they, at their command;  
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185  
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.

This tells us plainly what they thought,  
That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
And that by them th' were only meant  
To serve for an expedient.      190

What was the public faith found out for,  
But to slur men of what they fought for?  
The public faith, which ev'ry one  
Is bound t'observe, yet kept by none;  
And if that go for nothing, why      195

Should private faith have such a tie?  
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
To keep the good and just in awe;  
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
Like moral cattle in a pinfold.      200

A saint's o' th' heavenly realm a peer:  
And as no peer is bound to swear  
But on the gospel of his honour;  
Of which he may dispose, as owner;  
It follows, tho' the thing be forgery,      205  
And false, th' affirm it is no perjury,  
But a mere ceremony and a breach  
Of nothing, but a form of speech;  
And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
Than mere saluting of the book.      210

Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
They're but commissions of course,  
And saints have freedom to digress,  
And vary from them as they please,  
Or misinterpret them by private  
Instructions, to all aims they drive at. 215  
Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
And curtail our own privilege ?  
Quakers (that, like to lathorne, bear  
Their light within them) will not swear ; 220  
Their gospel is an accident,  
By which they construe conscience,  
And hold no sin so deeply red,  
As that of breaking Priscian's head ;  
(The head and founder of their order, 225  
That stirring hats held worse than murder).  
These thinking th' are oblig'd to troth  
In swearing, will not take an oath :  
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will  
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still ; 230  
But they are weak, and little know  
What free-born consciences may do.  
'Tis the temptation of the devil,  
That makes all human actions evil :  
For saints may do the same things by 235  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do ;  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary. 240  
For as on land there is no beast,  
But in some fish at sea's express ;

**Canto I. HUDIBRAS. 167**

So in the wicked there's no vice,  
Of which the saints have not a spice;  
And yet that thing that's pious in 245  
The one, in t' other is a sin.  
Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience?  
That ought to be above such fancies  
As far as above ordinances. 250

She's of the wicked, as I guess  
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:  
And tho', like constables, we search  
For false wares one another's church;  
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255  
No faith is to the wicked due;  
For truth is precious and divine,  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true,  
Yet 'tis not fit that all men know 260  
Those mysteries and revelations;  
And therefore topical evasions  
Of subtil turns and shifts of sense,  
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,  
Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265  
And Presbyterians, for excuse  
Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
To find their churches taken napping:  
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,  
And either way admits a scruple. 270  
And many be, *ex parte* of the maker,  
More criminal than th' injur'd taker;  
For he that strains too far a vow,  
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:



And he that made and forc'd it, broke it ;  
 Not he that for convenience took it ;      276  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As sound t' all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
 Nay, till th' are broken, have no force.      280  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws ?  
 They have no pow'r but to admonish,  
 Cannot controul, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch      285  
 Those only that do make them such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
 By men in prison made, for good ;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're from th' engagement too set free.      290  
 The Rabbins write, when any Jew  
 Did make to God or man a vow,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation      295  
 Might free him from the obligation :  
 And have not two saints pow'r to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?  
 The court of conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and sovereign,      300  
 Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or      305  
 Allow'd, at fancy of py-powder ?

Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio* ?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge ?      310  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance ;  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half full :  
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift,      315  
 To help itself at a dead list ?  
 Why should not conscience have vacation  
 As well as other courts o' th' nation ;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 Appoint appearance and return ;      320  
 And make as nice distinction serve,  
 To split a case, as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds names, hit joints ?  
 Why should not tricks as slight do points ?  
 Is not th' high court of justice sworn      325  
 To judge that law that serves their turn ?  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?  
 Cannot the learned council there  
 Make laws in any shape appear ?      330  
 Mould 'em as Witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy ?  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm ?  
 Rack 'em until they do confess,      335  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their lives for them ?

And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 But what they ought by oath and conscience?  
 Can they not juggle, and with flight      341  
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;  
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear  
 As Lapland Witches bottled air?  
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge,      345  
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge?  
 As seaman with the self-same gale,  
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses fail;  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds,      350  
 Those banks and damms that like a screen  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in:  
 So when tyrannic usurpation  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land that were intended      355  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer?  
 Is not the winding up witnesses  
 A nicking more than half the bus'ness?      360  
 For witnesses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow;  
 And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your juries give their verdict,      365  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?  
 And as they please, make matter of fact  
 Run all on one side, as they are pack'd?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within doors;      370

Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly blab it.  
 If oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd  
 In other matters do him hurt,                    375  
 I think there's little reason for't.

He that imposes an oath, makes it;  
 Not he that for convenience takes it;  
 Then how can any man be said  
 To break an oath he never made?                    380

These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
 To th' wicked, tho' th' evince the godly;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My honour, I am pe'er the near.  
 Honour is like the glassy bubble,                    385  
 That finds philosophers such trouble,  
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
 To swear by, only in a lord:                    390  
 In other men 'tis but a huff,  
 To vapour with, instead of proof;  
 That like a wen, looks big and swells,  
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it, quoth he, be what it will,                    395  
 It has the world's opinion still.

But as men are not wise that run  
 The slightest hazard they may shun;  
 There may a medium be found out  
 To clear to all the world the doubt;                    400  
 And that is, if a man may do't,  
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,  
Quoth Ralpho, it may hold up, and clear.  
That sinners may supply the place 405  
Of suff'ring saints, is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence many times  
On one man for another's crimes.  
Our brethren of New-England use  
Choice malefactors to excuse, 410  
And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the churches have less need;  
As lately 't happen'd. In a town  
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
That out of doctrine could cut use, 415  
And mend mens lives as well as shoes,  
This precious brother having slain,  
In times of peace, an Indian,  
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
Because he was an infidel), 420  
The mighty Tottipottymoy  
Sent to our elders an envoy;  
Complaining sorely of the breach  
Of league held forth by brother Patch,  
Against the articles in force 425  
Between both churches, his and ours,  
For which he crav'd the saints to render  
Into his hands or hang th' offender :  
But they maturely having weigh'd  
They had no more but him o' th' trade. 430  
(A man that served them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and coble),  
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
The Indian, Hoghgan Moghgan too

**Canto II.     H U D I B R A S.     173**

**Impartial justice, in his stead did     435**

**Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.**

**'Then wherefore may you not be skipp'd,**

**And in your room another whipp'd?**

**For all philosophers, but the sceptic,**

**Hold whipping may be sympathetic.     440**

**It is enough, quoth Hudibras,**

**Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;**

**And canst in conscience not refuse**

**From thy own doctrine, to raise use:**

**I know thou wilt not, for my sake,     445**

**Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back:**

**'Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,**

**And give thy outward-fellow a ferkin;**

**For when thy vessel is new hoop'd**

**All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.     450**

**Qyoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter:**

**For in all scruples of this nature,**

**No man includes himself, nor turns**

**The point upon his own concerns.**

**As no man of his own self catches     455**

**The itch, or amorous French aches;**

**So no man does himself convince,**

**By his own doctrine, of his sins:**

**And tho' all cry down self, none means**

**His own-self in a lit'ral sense:     460**

**Beside, it is not only foppish,**

**But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,**

**For one man, out of his own skin,**

**To ferk and whip another's sin;**

**As pedants out of school-boy's' breeches     465**

**Do claw and carry their own itches.**

But in this case it is profane,  
 And sinful too, because in vain:  
 For we must take our oaths upon it.  
 You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:  
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere proper that I whipped you:  
 For when with your consent 'tis done 475  
 The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain,  
 I see, to argue 'gainst the grain;  
 Or like the stars incline men to  
 What they're averse themselves to do; 480

For when disputes are weary'd out,  
 'Tis Int'rest still resolves the doubt:  
 But since no reason can confute ye,  
 I'll try to force ye to your duty;  
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485

As ere we part we shall evince it;  
 And curry, if you stand out, whether  
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
 Can'st thou refuse to bear thy part  
 I' th' public Work, base as thou art? 490

To higgie thus, for a few blows,  
 To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse;  
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
 Merely for th' interest of the churches?  
 And when he has it in his claws, 495

Will not be hide-bound to the cause;  
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,  
 If thou dispatch it without grudging.

If not, resolve before we go,  
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best, quoth Ralpho, as the Ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,  
And look before you ere you leap;  
For as you sow, y' are like to reap:  
And were y' as good as George a Green, 505  
I shall make bold to turn agen;  
Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
Is't fitting for a man of honour

To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510  
A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,

For which y' are like to raise brave trophies:  
But I advise you not for fear,

But for your own sake, to forbear;  
And for the Churches, which may chance 515  
From hence to spring a variance;

And raise among themselves new scruples,  
Whom common danger hardly couples.

Remember how in arms and politics,  
We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
And took your grandees down a peg;

New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
All that to legion Smec adher'd;

Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525  
And after left it in the lurch,

A scaffold to build up our own,  
And when w' had done with't, pull'd it down;

Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,  
And snapt their canons with a why-not. 530



(Grave synod-men that were rever'd  
For solid face and depth of beard),  
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,  
Their directory an Indian pagod; 535  
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,  
On which th' had been so long a sitting;  
Decry'd it as a holy cheat  
Grown out of date and obsolete,  
And all the saints of the first grass,  
As castling foals of Bala'm's ass. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
And staring furiously on Ralph,  
He trembled, and look'd pale with ire,  
Like ashes first, then red as fire.  
Have I, quoth he, been ta'en in fight, 545  
And for so many moons laid by't ?  
And when all other means did fail,  
Have been exchange'd for tubs of ale ?  
Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
'Much more consid'able and handsom, 550  
But for their own fakes, and for fear  
They were not safe when I was there ;  
Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
An upstart sect'ry, and a mungrel ;  
Such as breed out of peccant humours, 555  
Of our own Church, like wens, or tumours,  
And like a maggot in a sore,  
Would that which gave it life devour ;  
It never shall be done or said.  
With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560  
And Ralpho too as quick and bold,  
Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,

With equal readineſs prepar'd  
 To draw and ſtand upon his guard;  
 When both were parted on the ſudden,      565  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all ſorts of noiſe had been  
 Contracted into one loud din,  
 Or that ſome member to be choſen,  
 Had got the odds above a thouſand,      570  
 And by the greatneſs of his noiſe,  
 Prov'd fitteſt for his country's choice.  
 This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright;  
 And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal      575  
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wiſeſt courſe  
 To wave the fight, and mount to horſe;  
 And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,  
 Themſelves from danger of worſe beating:      580  
 Yet neither of them would diſparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage;  
 Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and diſdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cauſe of all their fear      585  
 By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,  
 They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
 And kettle-drums, whoſe ſullen dub  
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub.      590  
 But when the fight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique ſhew:  
 A triumph, that for pomp and ſtate,  
 Did proudeſt Romans emulate:

For as the aldermen of Rome,  
 Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory,  
 (As some mistaken write in story),  
 Being mounted in their best array,  
 Upon a car, and who but they?  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a good morrow,  
 Crying, *Hey for our town*, thro' the borrow;  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh,  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat,  
 In all respects as this and that.  
 First, he that led the cavalcate,  
 Wore a sow-gelders flagellate,  
 On which he blew as strong a levet,  
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviae;  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge, three ranks at once, like Swedes.  
 Next pans, and kettles of all keys,  
 From trebles down to double base;  
 And after them, upon a nag,  
 That might pass for a forehead stag,  
 A cornet rode, and on his staff  
 A smock displayed did proudly wave;  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With shuffling broken winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And make a yell noisier than swine,  
 In windy weather, when they whine.

Next, one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,  
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains,     630  
 And busily upon the crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then mounted on a horned horse,  
 One bore a gaunt let and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword     635  
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward:  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed  
 The conqu'ror's standard-bearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion  
 A petticoat display'd and rampant;     640  
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't  
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
 The warrior whilom overcome;  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a staff,     645  
 Which as he rode, she made him twist off:  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastis'd the reformado soldier.  
 Before the dame, and round about,  
 March'd whiffers, and staffers on foot,     650  
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
 In fit and proper equipages;  
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the proud virago-minx,  
 That was both Madam and a Don,     655  
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;  
 And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.

The Knight transported, and the Squire,  
Put up their weapons and their ire; 660  
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
On such fights with judicious wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His an'madversions for his heart.

Quoth he, In all my life till now 665  
I ne'er saw so profane a show.  
It is a Paganish invention,  
Which Heathen writers often mention;  
And he who made it, had read Godwin,  
Or Rofs, or Cælius Rodigine, 670  
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
That best describe those ancient shows;  
And has observ'd all fit decorums  
We find describ'd by old historians:  
For as the Roman conqueror 675  
That put an end to foreign war,  
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
Bore a slave with him in his chariot;  
So this insulting female brave  
Carries behind her here a slave; 680  
And as the Ancients long ago,  
When they in field defy'd the foe,  
Hung out their mantles *della guerre*:  
So her proud standard-bearer here  
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685  
A Tyrian petticoat for a banner.  
Next links, and torches, heretofore  
Still borne before the Emperor  
And as, in antic triumph, eggs  
Were borne for mystical intrigues; 690

There's one in truncheon, like a laddie,  
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;  
And still at random as he goes,  
Among the rabble-roust bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter; 695  
For all th' antiquity you smatter,  
Is but a riding, us'd of course,  
When the grey mare's the better horse;  
When o'er the breeches greedy women  
Fight, to extend their vast dominion; 700  
And in the cause impatient Grizel  
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
And brought him under covert-baron,  
To turn her vassal with a murrain;  
When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705  
And ride their husband like night-mares,  
And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
Are of their charter disfranchis'd,  
And by their right of war, like gills,  
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710  
For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
Impertinently, and against sense.  
'Tis not the least disparagement, 715  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force  
That does not make a man the worse,  
Altho' his shoulders with battoon  
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune; 720  
A tailor's 'prentice has no hard  
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:

But to turn tail, or run away.  
And without blows give up the day;  
Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725  
That's no man's fortune, but his fault;  
And renders men of honour less  
Then all th' adversity of success :  
And only unto such this shew  
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730  
There is a lesser profanation,  
Like that the Romans call'd *ovatio* :  
For as ovation was allow'd  
For conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
So men decree those lesser shows, 735  
For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
Give battle with, and overcome ;  
These mounted in a chair-curule,  
Which moderns call a cuckling stool, 740  
March proudly to the river's side,  
And o'er th' waves in triumph ride ;  
Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
The Adriatic sea to wed ;  
And have a gentler wife than those 745  
For whom the state decrees those shows.  
But both are Heathenish, and come  
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome ;  
And by the saints should be withstood,  
As antichristian and lewd ; 750  
And we, as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said they both advanc'd, and rode  
A dog-trot through the bawling croud,

T' attack the leader, and still prest,     755

Till they approach'd him breast to breast.

Then Hudibras, with face and hand,

Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,

What means, quoth he, this dev'l's procession

With men of orthodox profession?     760

'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,

From Heathenism deriv'd to us.

Does not the whore of Babylon ride

Upon her horned beast astride;

Like this proud dame, who either is     765

A type of her, or she of this?

Are things of superstitious function

Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine:

It is an antichristian opera

Much us'd in midnight-times of Popery;     770

Of running after self-inventions.

Of wicked and profane intentions:

To scandalize that sex for scolding;

To whom the saints are so beholding.

Women, who were our first apostles,     775

Without whose aid w' had all been lost else;

Women, that left no stone unturn'd

In which the Cause might be concern'd,

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,

To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols;     780

Their husband's cullies, and sweet-hearts,

To take the saints and Churches' parts;

Drew several gifted Brethren in,

That for the bishops would have been,

And fix'd 'em constant to the party,     785

With motives powerful and hearty:



Their husband's robb'd, and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their gifts  
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver;      790  
 Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for parliament;  
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
 With marrow-puddings many a meal:  
 Enabled them, with store of meat,      795  
 On controverted points to eat;  
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache;  
 With cawdle, custard and plum-cake.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,  
 That might advance the Cause at London?      800  
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
 T' intrench the City for defence in?  
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
 To put the enemy to stands?  
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches      805  
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,  
 Fell to their pickaxes and tools,  
 And help'd the men to dig like moles?  
 Have not the handmaids of the City  
 Chose of their members a committee,      810  
 For raising of a common purse  
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?  
 And do they not as triers sit,  
 To judge what officers are fit?  
 Have they-----? At that an egg let fly,      815  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd  
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;

But beard and slime being of one hew,  
 The wound the less appear'd in view.      820  
 Then he that on the panniers rode,  
 Let fly on th' other side a load;  
 And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
 In Ralpho's face another volley.  
 The Knight was startled with the smell,      825  
 And for his sword began to feel:  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link,  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;      830  
 And straight another, with his flambeaux,  
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.  
 The beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;  
 Thro' which they quickly broke their way,  
 And brought them off from further fray.      836  
 And tho' disorder'd in retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat:  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes;  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,      841  
 With spurring put their cattle to't;  
 And till all four were out of wind,  
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.  
 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying      845  
 Their spirits spent with fight and flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force  
 Of lungs for action or discourse:  
 Quoth he, That man is sure to lose,  
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes.      850

For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.  
 'Twas ill for us we had to do  
 With so dishonourable a foe :  
 For though the law of arms doth bar 855  
 The use of venom'd shot in war ;  
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,  
 Their case-shot savours strong of poison ;  
 And doubtless has been chew'd with teeth  
 Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860  
 Else when we put it to the push,  
 They had not giv'n us such a brush :  
 But as those poltroons that fling dirt,  
 Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;  
 So all the honour they have won, 865  
 Or we have lost, is much at one.  
 'Twas well we made so resolute  
 A brave retreat, without pursuit ;  
 For if we had not, we had spent  
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870  
 That which the Ancients held no state  
 Of man's life more unfortunate.  
 But if this bold adventure e'er  
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, being destin'd to assert 875  
 Her sex's honour reach her heart.  
 And as such homely treats they say,  
 Portend good fortune, so this may.  
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt  
 Was destin'd to the empire for't ; 880  
 And from a scavenger did come,  
 To be a mighty prince in Rome.

**And why may not this foul address**

**Presage in love the same success?**

**Then let us straight to cleanse our wounds, 885**

**Advance in quest of nearest ponds;**

**And after, as we first design'd,**

**Swear I've perform'd what she injoin'd.**

## C A N T O T H I R D.

### T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Knight, with doubts possess'd,  
To win the Lady goes in quest  
Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,  
To know the Dest'nies' resolution ;  
With whom being met, they both chop logic,  
About the science astrologic ;  
Till falling from dispute to fight,  
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

**D** O U B T L E S S the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;  
As lookers-on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a juggler's flight ;  
And still the less they understand, 5  
The more th' admire his flight of hand.

Some with a noise, and greasy light,  
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,  
Insuar'd and hamper'd by the foul, 10  
As nooses by thè legs catch fowl.  
Some with a med'cine and receipt,  
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;  
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15  
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown ;  
Until with subtil cobweb-cheats,  
Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;

In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;  
 And while their purses can dispute,      25  
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still grape t' anticipate  
 The cabinet-designs of Fate;  
 Apply to wizzards, to foresec,      35  
 What shall, and what shall never be.  
 And as those vultures do forebode,  
 Believe events prove bad or good.  
 A flum more senseless than the rog'ry  
 Of old aruspicy or aug'ry,      40  
 That out of garbages of cattle  
 Prefag'd th' events of truce or battle;  
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,  
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon;  
 Tho' cheats yet more intelligible,      45  
 Than those that with the stars do scribble.  
 This Hudibras by-proof found true,  
 As in due time and place we'll shew;  
 For he with beard and face made clean,  
 B'ing mounted on his steed agen;      50  
 (And Ralpho got a cock horse too  
 Upon his beast, with much ado),  
 Advanc'd on for the widow's house,  
 T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;  
 When various thoughts began to bustle,      55  
 And with his inward man to juggle.  
 He thought what danger might accrue,  
 If she shou'd find he swore untrue:  
 Or if his Squire or he should fail,  
 And not be punctual in their tale;      60

It might at once the ruin prove  
 Both of his honour, faith and love.  
 But if he should forbear-to go,  
 She might conclude h' had broke his vow;  
 And that he durst not now for shame      55  
 Appear in court, to try his claim.  
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,  
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures,  
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters;      60  
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
 That every way I turn does hem me;  
 And with inextricable doubt,  
 Befets my puzzled wits about:  
 For though the dame has been my bail,      65  
 To free me from enchanted jail;  
 Yet as a dog, committed close  
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
 And quits his clog; but all in vain,  
 He still draws after him his chain:      70  
 So though my ancle she has quitted,  
 My heart continues still committed:  
 And like a bail'd or main-priz'd lover,  
 Altho' at large, I am bound over.  
 And when I shall appear in court,      75  
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
 Unless the judge do partial prove,  
 What will become of me and love?  
 For if in our account we vary,  
 Or but in circumstance miscarry;      80  
 Or if she put me to strict proof,  
 And make me pull my doublet off,

To shew, by evident record  
 Writ on my skin, I've keep my word,  
 How can I e'er expect to have her,     85  
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?  
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd to a Knight o'the Post?  
 Beside, the stripping may prevent  
 What I'm to prove by argument;     90  
 And justify I have a tail,  
 And that way too my proof may fail.  
 Oh ! that I could enucleate,  
 And solve the problems of my fate ;  
 Or find by necromantic art,     95  
 How far the Destinies take my part !  
 For if I were not more than certain  
 To win, and wear her, and her fortune,  
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship ;     100  
 For tho' an oath obliges not,  
 Where any thing is to be got,  
 (As thou hast prov'd,) yet 'tis profane,  
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, No far from hence doth dwell  
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,     106  
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,  
 And sage opinions of the moon sells ;  
 To whom all people, far and near,  
 On deep importances repair ;     110  
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
 And linen slinks out of the way :  
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,  
 And sows of suckling pigs are chous'd;



When cattle feel indisposition,      115  
 And need th' opinion of phyfician;  
 When murrain reigns in hogs or fheep,  
 And chickens languifh of the pip;  
 When yeast and outward means do fail,  
 And have no power to work on ale;      120  
 When butter does refufe to come,  
 And loves proves crofs and humourfome;  
 To him with questions, and with urine,  
 They for difcovery flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel      125  
 I've heard of; and fhould like it well,  
 If thou can'ft prove the fains hath freedom  
 To go to forc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;  
 Thofe principles I quoted late,      130  
 Prove that the godly may alledge  
 For any thing their privilege;  
 And to the d'vil himfelf may go,  
 If they have motives thereunto.  
 For as there is a war between      135  
 The dev'l and them, it is no fin,  
 If they by fubtile stratagem  
 Make ufe of him, as he does them.  
 Has not this prefent Parliament  
 A ledger to the devil fent,      140  
 Fully impower'd to treat about  
 Finding revolted Witches out!  
 And has not he, within a year,  
 Hang'd threefcore of 'em in one fhire?  
 Some only for not being drown'd,      145  
 And fome for fitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;  
 And some for putting knavish tricks  
 Upon green geese, and turkey-chicks,     150  
 Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd  
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gus'd;  
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,  
 And made a rod for his own breach.  
 Did not the devil appear to Martin     155  
 Luther in Germany, for certain;  
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,  
 But Mart. was too too politic?  
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,  
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church?     160  
 Sing catches to the saints at Mascon  
 And tell them all they came to ask him?  
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,  
 And speak i' th' nun of London's belly,  
 Meet with the Parliament's committee,     165  
 At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?  
 At Sarum take a cavalier  
 I' th' Cause's service prisoner?  
 As Withers in immortal rhyme  
 Has register'd to after-time.     170  
 Do not our great reformers use  
 This Sidrophel to forebode news;  
 To write of victories next year,  
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?  
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships     175  
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?  
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King  
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?

And has not he point blank foretold  
 Whats'e'er the close committee would? 180  
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,  
 The Moon for fundamental laws;  
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare  
 Against the book of Common-pray'r?  
 The Scorpion take the protestation, 185  
 And Bear engage for reformation;  
 Made all the royal stars recant,  
 Compound and take the covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,  
 The faints may 'mploy a conjurer; 190  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;  
 No argument like matter of fact is.  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Mens principles, by what they do.  
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195  
 Of this profound gymnosophist;  
 And as the Fates and he advise,  
 Pursue, or wave this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,  
 And estfoons on th' adventure rid; 200  
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,  
 And to the conj'rer turn our style,  
 To let our reader understand  
 What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205  
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
 And was old dog at physiology:  
 But, as a dog that turns the spit,  
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210

To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again;  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was:  
So in the circle of the arts     215

Did he advance his nat'ral parts;  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:  
For as those fowls that live in water  
Are never wet, he did but smatter;     220  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
His understanding still was clear.

Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old Hog Bacon and Bob Grosted.  
Th' intelligible world he knew,     225

• And all men dream on't, to be true:  
That in this world there's not a walt  
That has not there a counterpart;  
For can there on the face of ground  
An individual beard be found,     230

That has not, in a foreign nation,  
A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
As those are in th' inferior world;  
H' had read Dee's prefaces before,     235

The dev'l and Euclid o'er and o'er;  
And all th' intrigue 'twixt him and Kelly,  
Lescus and th' Emperor, would tell ye:  
But with the moon was more familiar  
Than e'er was almanack well-willer;     240

Her secrets understood so clear,  
That some believ'd he had been there;

Knew when she was in fittest mood,  
For cutting corns or letting blood;  
When for anointing scabs or itches, 245  
Or to the bum applying leeches;  
When sows and bitches may be spay'd  
And in what sign best cyder's made:  
Whether the wane be, or increase,  
Best to set garlick, or sow pease: 250  
Who first found out the man i' th' moon,  
That to the Ancients was unknown;  
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
Are in the planetary spheres;  
Their airy empire, and command, 255  
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;  
What factions they have, and what they drive at  
In public vogue, or what is private;  
With what designs and interests  
Each party manages contests. 260  
He made an instrument to know  
If the moon shine at full or no;  
That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;  
Tell what her di'meter to an inch is, 265  
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
It would demonstrate, that the man in  
The moon's, a sea Mediterranean;  
And that it is no dog or bitch,  
That stands behind him at his breech, 270  
But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,  
With arms which men for legs mistake;  
How large a gulf his tail composes,  
And what a goodly bay his nose is:

**Canto III. H U D I B R A S. 213**

**How many German leagues by th' scale 275**

**Cape Snout's from promontory Tail.**

**He made a planetary gin,**

**Which rats would run their own heads in,**

**And come in purpose to be taken,**

**Without th' expences of cheefe or bacon: 280**

**With lute-strings he would counterfeit**

**Maggots that crawl on dish or meat;**

**Quote moles and spots on any place:**

**O' th' body, by the index face;**

**Detect lost maidenheads, by sneezing, 285**

**Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;**

**Cure warts of corns, with application**

**Of med'cines to the imagination;**

**Fright agues into dogs, and scare**

**With rhymes the tooth-ach and catarrh; 290**

**Chase evil spirits away by dint**

**Of fickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint;**

**Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,**

**Which made the Roman slaves rebel;**

**And fire a mine in China here, 295**

**With sympathetic gun-powder.**

**He knew whats'ever's to be known,**

**But much more than he knew would own;**

**What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus**

**Could make a man with, as he tells us; 300**

**What figur'd slates are best to make**

**On wat'ry surface duck or drake;**

**What bowling-stones, in running race**

**Upon a board, have swiftest pace;**

**Whether a pulse beat in the black 305**

**List of a dappled louse's back:**

If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in wrath or love :  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace,      310  
 How many scores a flea will jump,  
 Of his own length, from head to rump;  
 Which Socrates and Chærephon  
 In vain assay'd so long ago :  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,      315  
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;  
 How many different species  
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;  
 And which are next of kin to those  
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ;      320  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
 That him in place of Zany serv'd,  
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,      325  
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;  
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
 Wide as meridians in maps ;  
 To squander paper and spare ink,  
 Or cheat men of their words, some think.      330  
 From this, by merited degrees,  
 He'd to more high advancement rise ;  
 To be an under-conjuror,  
 Or journeyman astrologer ;  
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,      335  
 And men with their own keys unriddle,  
 To make them to themselves give answers,  
 For which they pay the necromancers ;

To fetch and carry intelligence,  
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
 And all discoveries disperse 343  
 Among the whole pack of conjurers;  
 What cut-purses have left with them,  
 For the right owners to redeem;  
 And what they dare not vent, find out, 345  
 To gain themselves and th' art repute;  
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers shops,  
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart;  
 And find out all by rules of art: 350  
 Which way a serving-man, that's run  
 With cloaths and money away, is gone:  
 Who pick'd a fob at holding-forth,  
 And where a watch for half the worth  
 May be redeem'd; or stolen plate 355  
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master  
 In quality of poetaster:  
 And rhymes appropriate could make  
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack; 360  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel;  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sowlgelder with safety cuts:  
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365  
 And when be temp'rate if they will;  
 When use, and when abstain from vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice,  
 And as in prison mean rogues beat  
 Hemp for the service of the great; 370



So Whachum beat his dirty brains  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains;  
 And, like the devil's-oracles,  
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells.  
 Which, over ev'ry mouth's blank page 373  
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks preface.  
 He would an elegy compose  
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on  
 His mistress eating a black-pudden; 380  
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
 It puff'd him with poetic rapture.  
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive croud,  
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts;  
 A carman's horse could not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to poetry;  
 No porter's burden pass'd along,  
 But serv'd for burden to the song. 390  
 Each window, like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears;  
 All trades run in, as to the sight  
 Of monsters, or their dear delight  
 Of monsters, or their dear delight  
 The gallows tree, when cutting purse 395  
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse  
 Which none does hear, but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song.  
 These two together long had liv'd,  
 In maslition prudently contriv'd; 400  
 Where neither tree nor house could bar  
 The free detection of a star;

And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written not in words, 405  
 But hieroglyphic route of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws concerning  
 The worth of Astrologic learning:  
 From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope; 410  
 The spectacles to which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,  
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite;  
 The strongest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415  
 That, like a bird of paradise,  
 Or herald's marlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;  
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
 At the end of which there hung a light, 420  
 Inclos'd in lanthorn made of paper,  
 That far off like a star did appear.  
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
 And with amazement staring-wide,  
 Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425  
 Is that appears in heav'n yonder ?  
 A comet, and without a beard,  
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrowl  
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learned stock the constellations ;  
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been,  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.

It must be supernatural, 435

Unless it be the cannon-ball,

That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,

Was borne to that prodigious height,

That learn'd philosophers maintain,

It ne'er came backwards down again: 440

But, in the airy region yet,

Hangs like the body of Mahomet;

For if it be above the shade

That by the earth's round bulk is made,

'Tis probable it may from far 445

Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,

Plac'd near at hand in open view,

And rais'd it till it levell'd right

Against the glow-worm tail of kite. 450

Then peeping through, Bléss us! quoth he,

It is a planet now I see;

And, if I err not, by his proper

Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,

It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear 455

'Tis Saturn; but what makes him there?

He's got between the dragon's tail,

And farther leg behind the Whale:

Pray Heaven divert the fatal omen,

For 'tis a prodigy not common; 460

And can no less than the world's end,

Or Nature's funeral portend.

With that he fell again to pry

Thro' perspective more wistfully;

When by mischance the fatal string, 465

That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,

Breaking, down fell the star : Well shot,  
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it.  
 But Sidrophel, more subtile witted, 470  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a star fall !  
 It threatens Nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come ?

When stars do fall 'tis plain enough, 475  
 The day of judgment's is not far off,  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,  
 And some of us find out by magic.  
 Then since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before  
 The Knight upon the fore-nam'd score,  
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485  
 Was now in prospect of the mansion :  
 Whom he discovering turn'd his glass,  
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, quoth he, look yonder, some  
 To try or use our art are come : 490  
 The one's the learned Knight ; seek out  
 And pump 'em what they come about.  
 Whachum advanc'd with all submissness  
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :  
 He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495  
 From leathren bare-bones did alight ;  
 And taking from his hand the bridle,  
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle :

He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
 And welcome'd him, as he might say:      500  
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither,  
 Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.  
 Did not you lose?---Quoth Ralpho, Nay.  
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!  
 Your Knight---Quoth Ralpho is a lover,      505  
 And pains intol'able doth suffer:  
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.  
 What time!---Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,  
 Three years it off and on has hung-----      510  
 Quoth he, I mean, what time o' th' day 'tis.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.  
 Why then, Quoth Whachum, my small art  
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,  
 Or great estate---Quoth Ralph, A jointure,      515  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.  
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,  
 Before he fell upon the matter;  
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
 To give him suitable reception;      520  
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,  
 Till Whachum put him in the way;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight;  
 And what he came to know, drew near,      525  
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear;  
 Which he pretended thus: What was't,  
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?  
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,      530

In oppoſition with Mars,  
 And no benign and friendly ſtars  
 T' allay th' effect. Quoth Wizard, So !  
 In Virgo, ha ! Quoth Whachum, No:  
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it ?     535

One tenth of 's circle to a minute.  
 'Tis well, quoth he. Sir, you'll excuſe  
 This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe ;  
 It is a ſcheme and face of heaven,  
 As th' aſpects are diſpos'd this even,     540  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
 Unſeaſonable in coming here  
 At ſuch a time to interrupt     545  
 Your ſpeculations, which I hop'd  
 Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,  
 'Tis fit that I aſk your excuſe.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,  
 The ſtars your coming did foretell ;     550  
 I did expect you here, and knew  
 Before you ſpake your buſ'neſs too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
 And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er  
 You tell me after on your word,     555  
 Howe'er unlikely or abſurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
 And for three years has rid your wit  
 And paſſion, without drawing bit :     560  
 And now your buſ'neſs is to know  
 If you ſhall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right :  
But how the devil you came by't,  
I can't imagine ; for the stars, 565  
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;  
Nor can their aspects, though you pore  
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more  
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,  
That turns as certain as the spheres : 570  
But if the devil's of your council,  
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;  
And 'tis on this account I come  
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575  
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,  
Your bus'ness is but to inform;  
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
You have a wrong sown by the ear; 580  
For I assure you, for my part,  
I only deal by rules of art;  
Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of Astrology:  
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him, 585  
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
I understand your metonymy;  
Your word of second-hand intention,  
When things by wrongful names ye mention;  
The mystic sense of all your terms, 591  
That are indeed but magic charms  
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
And that is down-right conjuring;

**Canto III.      H U D I B R A S.**

And in itself more warrantable 207  
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble, 595  
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
 Which by confed'racy are done.  
 Your ancient conjurers were wont  
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600  
 And to their incantations stoop;  
 They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell 605  
 Perhaps as learnedly and well  
 As you yourself.---Then, friend, I doubt  
 You go the farthest way about:  
 Your modern Indian magician  
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610  
 And straight resolves all questions by'r,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right,  
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure  
 To bring the devil to the lure;  
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin, 615  
 To catch intelligences in.  
 Some by the nose with fumes trapan 'em,  
 As Duffan did the devil's grannum;  
 Others with characters and words  
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
 Ingrav'd in planetary nicks,  
 With their own influences will fetch 'em;  
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
 Make 'em despoise, and answer to 625  
 All questions ere they let them go.



Bumbastus kept a devil's bird  
 Shut in the pommel of his sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning pranks  
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630

Kelly did all his feats upon  
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone;  
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,  
 He resolv'd all problems ne'er so deep.  
 Agrippa kept a stygian pug 635

I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
 That was his tutor, and the cur  
 Read to th' occult philosopher,  
 And taught him subtly to maintain  
 All other sciences are vain. 640

To this, quoth Sidrophel, Oh ! Sir,  
 Agrippa was no conjurer,  
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;  
 Nor was the dog of Cacodemon,  
 But a true dog that would shew tricks 645

For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks;  
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil:  
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,  
 He went the self-same way we go. 650

As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to be busforc'ers,  
 What they pretend to is no more  
 Than Trismegistus did before,  
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655

And Apolonius their master;  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas ! what is't t'us,  
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus, 660  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?  
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,  
 That makes truth truth, altho' Time's daughter;  
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665  
 Before he pull'd her out of it;  
 And as he eats his sons, just so  
 He feeds upon his daughters too;  
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
 Can make a gentleman, scarce an year old, 670  
 To be descended of a race  
 Of ancient kings, in a small space,  
 That we should all opinions hold  
 Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675  
 Of prudence to cry down an art,  
 And what it may perform, deny,  
 Because you understand not why.  
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,  
 To damn our whole art for eccentric). 680  
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
 But on their sides, or rising's feat;  
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685  
 Relate miraculous prefages  
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs  
 Foreseen b' astrologers, sooth-sayers,  
 Chaldeans, learn'd genethliacs,  
 And some that have writ almanacks? 690

The Median emp'ror dream'd his daughter  
Had pifs'd all Asia under water,  
And that a vine; sprung from her hanches,  
O'erspread his empire with its branches :  
And did not soothsayers expound it, 695  
As after by th' event he found it ?  
When Cæsar in the senate fell,  
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,  
And, in resentment of his slaughter,  
Look pale for almost a year after ? 700  
Augustus having b' oversight  
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
Had like to have been slain that day  
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.  
Are there not myriads of this sort, 705  
Which stories of all times report ?  
Is it not om'nous in all countries,  
When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?  
The Roman senate, when within  
The city-walls an owl was seen, 710  
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,  
(Our synod calls humiliations),  
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,  
From doing town and country hurt.  
And if an owl have so much pow'r, 715  
Why should not planets have much more,  
That in a region far above  
Inferior fowls of the air move,  
And should see farther, and foreknow  
More than their augury below ? 720  
Tho' that once serv'd the polity  
Of mighty states to govern by;

**Canto III.    H U D I B R A S.    211**

And this is what we take in hand  
By pow'rful art to understand;  
Which how we have perform'd, all ages    725  
Can speak th' events of our presages.

Have we not lately, in the moon,  
Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?  
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus  
And Magellan could never compass ?    730  
Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
And cattle grazing on 'em there ?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,  
That I, without a telescope,  
Can find your tricks out, and descry    735  
Where you tell truth and where you lie;  
For Anaxagoras long ago  
Saw hills, as well as you i' th' moon;  
And held the sun was but a piece  
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;    740  
Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,  
Because the sun had voided one;  
And, rather than he would recant  
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us,    745  
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus  
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
Or whether they have tails or horns ?  
What trade from thence can you advance,  
But what we nearer have from France ?    750  
What can our travellers bring home,  
That is not to be learn'd at Rome ?  
What politics, or strange opinions,  
That are not in our own dominions ?

What science can be brought from thence, 755.  
In which we do not here commence?

What revelations, or religions,  
That are not in our native regions?  
Are sweaty lanthorns, or screen fans,  
Made better there, than they're in France? 760.

Or do they teach to sing or play  
O' th' guittar there a newer way?  
Can they make plays there that shall fit  
The public humour, with less wit?  
Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765.

Or fight with more ingenious blows?  
Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
And wear a huger perriwig;  
Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks  
Than our own native lunatics? 770

But if w' outdo him here at home,  
What good of your design can come?  
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,  
Is but a blast if downward sent;  
But if it upward chance to fly, 775  
Becomes new light and prophecy:

So when your speculations tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Altho' they promise strange and great  
Discoveries of things far fet, 780

They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
And savour strongly of the ganzas.  
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
The full moon ever, but the half: 785  
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;.

Or why wolves raise a hubbub, at her,  
 And dogs howl when she shines in water ;  
 And I shall freely give my vote,  
 You may know something more remote ? 790

At this, deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
 He put his face into a posture  
 Of sapience, and began to bluster :  
 So having three times shook his head 795  
 To stir his wit up, this he said.

Art has no mortal enemies,  
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese ;  
 Those consecrated geese in order,  
 That to the capitol were warders : 800

And being then upon patrol,  
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul :  
 Or these Athenian sceptic owls,  
 That will not credit their own souls ;  
 Or any science understand, 805

Beyond the reach of eye or hand :  
 But meas'ring all things by their own  
 Knowledge, hold nothings to be known.  
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-  
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810  
 And will not know upon what ground

In nature we our doctrine found ;  
 Altho' with pregnant evidence  
 We can demonstrate it to sense,  
 As I just now have done to you, 815

Foretelling what you came to know.  
 Were the stars only to light  
 Robbers and burglars by night ;

To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,  
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820  
 Or giving one another pledges  
 Of matrimony under hedges?  
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets  
 Cut from the malefactors snippets,  
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825  
 Of rebel-saints, and perjurers?  
 Only to stand by, and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done?  
 Is there a constellation there,  
 That was not born and bred up here? 830  
 And therefore cannot be to learn  
 In any inferior concern.  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em pirates, whores and thieves?  
 And is it like they have not still 835  
 In their old practices some skill?  
 Is there a planet that by birth  
 Does not derive its house from earth?  
 And therefore probably must know  
 What is and hath been done below: 840  
 Who made the Balance, or whence came  
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
 Did not we hear the Argo rig,  
 Make Berenice's perriwig?  
 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845  
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
 And therefore, as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold intelligence.  
 Plato deny'd the world can be  
 Govern'd without geometry; 850

(For money b'ing the common scale  
Of things by measure weight and tale;  
In all th' affairs of church and state,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight :)  
Then much less can it be without 355  
Divine astrology made out;  
That puts the other down in worth,  
As far as heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons, quoth the Knight, I grant  
Are something more significant 360  
Than any that the learned use  
Upon this subject to produce;  
And yet they're far from satisfactory,  
T' establish and keep up your factory.  
Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 365  
Shifted his setting and his rise:  
Twice has he risen in the west,  
As many times set in east;  
But whether that be true or no,  
The devil any of you know 370  
Some hold the Heavens, like a top,  
Are kept by circulation up;  
And were't not for their wheeling round,  
They'd instantly fall to the ground:  
As sage Empedocles of old, 375  
And from him modern authors hold.  
Plato believ'd the sun and moon  
Below all other planets run.  
Some Mercury, some Venus seat  
Above the sun himself in height. 380  
The learned Scaliger complain'd  
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,



That in twelve hundred years and odd,  
The sun had lost its ancient road,  
And nearer to the earth is come 885  
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home:  
Swore 'twas a most notorious sham,  
And he that had so little shame  
To vent such fopperies abroad,  
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd: 890  
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
That he deserv'd the rod much more,  
That durst upon a truth give doom,  
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.  
Cardan believ'd great states depend 895  
Upon th' tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;  
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,  
Strow'd mighty empires up and down:  
Which others say must-needs be false,  
Because you true bears have no tails. 900  
Some say the zodiac constellations  
Have long since chang'd their antique stations  
Above a sign, and prove the same  
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;  
Affirm the trigons chop'd and chang'd, 905  
The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:  
Then how can their effects still hold  
To be the same they were of old?  
This, tho' the art were true, would make  
Our modern soothsayers mistake; 910  
And is one cause they tell more lies,  
In figures and nativities,  
Then the old Chaldean conjurers,  
In so many hundred thousand years;

**Canto III. H U D I B R A S.** 217  
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915  
 For want of accident and Latin,  
 Like *Idus* and *Calenda*, Englisht:  
 The quarter-days by skilful linguist;  
 And yet with canting flight and cheat,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat: 920  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,  
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;  
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925  
 And give 'em back their own account;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for't, or best believes.  
 Some towns and cities, some for brevity  
 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity; 930  
 And made infant-stars confess,  
 Like fools or children, what they please.  
 Some calculate the hidden fates  
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs or cats:  
 Some running nags, and fighting cocks, 635  
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;  
 Some take a measure of the lives  
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives;  
 Make opposition, trine and quartile,  
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile; 940  
 And if the planet's first aspect  
 The tender infant did infect  
 In soul and body, and instill  
 All future good and future ill:  
 Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945  
 At destin'd periods fall a working;

And break out, like the hidden seeds  
 Of long diseases, unto deeds,  
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
 And all th' emergencies of life : 950  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The world, but he has done his do,  
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physick  
 That cures or kills a man that is sick;  
 Married his punctual dose of wives, 955  
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a star  
 Between a man of peace and war;  
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
 A huffing officer and a slave, 960  
 A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,  
 A great philosopher and a blockhead,  
 A formal preacher and a player,  
 A learn'd physician, and a manslayer :  
 As if men from the stars did suck 965  
 Old age, diseases, and ill luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice;  
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970  
 Are not these fine commodities,  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here among the rabble,  
 For staple goods and warrantable ?  
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975  
 In th' other world to be restor'd.  
 Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know  
 You wrong the art and artists too,

Since arguments are lost on those  
 That do our principles oppose ;     980  
 I will (altho' I've done't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure that shall tell you,  
 What you, perhaps, forget besel you,  
 By way of horary inspection,     985  
 Which some account our worst erection.  
 With that he circles draws, and squares,  
 With cyphers, astral characters ;  
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
 Altho' set down hab-nab at random.     990

Quoth he, This scheme o' th' heav'ns set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met,  
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,     [well :  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side  
 And tho' you overcame the Bear,     995  
 The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave:     1000  
 That palt'y story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ! quoth he, howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear :  
 Whachum shall justify't to your face,     1005  
 And prove he was upon the place :  
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
 Chous'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead:     1010

And what you lost I can produce,  
If you deny it, here i' th' house:

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe  
That argument's demonstrative;  
Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us

1015.

A constable to seize the wretches:  
For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,  
Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,  
As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.

1020

They're guilty by their own confessions  
Of felony, and at the Sessions

Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,  
That the vibration of this pendulum

Shall make all taylor's yards of one  
Unanimous opinion:

1025

A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
To find friends that will bear me out:

1030

Nor have I hazarded my art,  
And neck so long on the state's part,  
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer,  
By such a braggadocio huffer,

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.

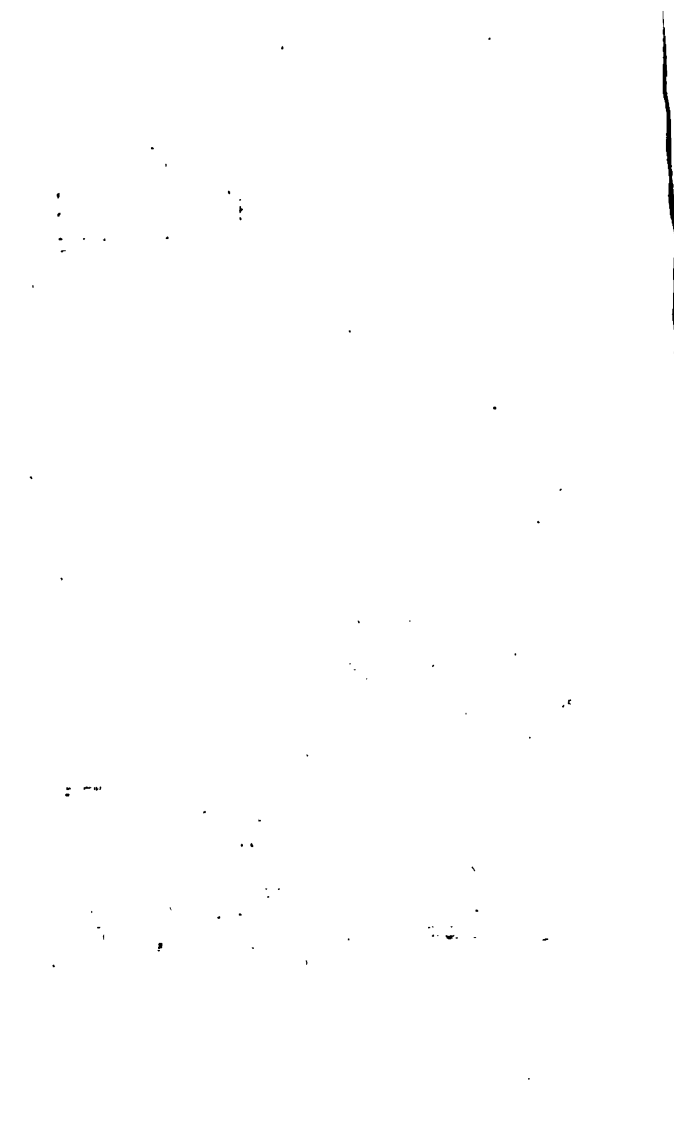
1035

Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister:  
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
Lest he and Whachum run away.

1040

But Sidrophel who from th' aspect  
Of Hudibras, did now erect





A figure, worse portending far  
 Than that of most malignant star,  
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045  
 To shun the danger that might come on't,  
 While Hudibras was all alone,  
 And he and Whachum, two to one :  
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spy'd by chance  
 Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050  
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd  
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass  
 To make his way through Hudibras.  
 Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055  
 With which he vow'd to do his work.  
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his guard:  
 He put by Sidrophelo's thrust,  
 And in right manfully he rusht; 1060  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.  
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly;  
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065  
 As quick as light'ning in the breech;  
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
 Because a kick in that place, more  
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
 You are my prisoners, base vermine:  
 Could they not tell you so as well  
 As what I came to know foretell?



By this what cheats you are we find, 1075

That in your own concerns are blind.

Your lives are now at my dispose,

To be redeem'd by fine or blows :

But who his honour would defile,

To take, or sell, two lives so vile ! 1080

I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,

The couqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,

Which with his sword he reaps and plows,

That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085

To rummaging of Sidrophel.

First, he expounded both his pockets,

And found a watch, with rings and lockets,

Which had been left with him t' erect

A figure for, and so detect ; 1090

A copper-plate, with almanacks

Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,

And blank schemes, to discover nimmers :

A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095

And sev'ral constellation stones,

Engrav'd in planetary hours,

That over mortals had strange pow'rs,

To make 'em thrive in law or trade,

And stab or poison to evade ; 1100

In wit or wisdom to improve,

And be victorious in love.

Whachum had neither cross nor pile,

His plunder was not worth the while ;

All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105

To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
 As rotten-men of politics,  
 Straight cast about to over-reach  
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,    1110  
 And make him glad (at least) to quit  
 His victory, and fly the pit,  
 Before the secular prince of darkness  
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase :  
 And as a fox with hot pursuit    1115  
 Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about  
 To save his credit, and among  
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung;  
 And while the dogs run underneath,  
 Escap'd, by counterfeiting death,    1120  
 Not out of cunning, but a train  
 Of atoms juggling in his brain,  
 As learn'd philosophers give out :  
 So Sidrophelo cast about,  
 And fell t' his wonted trade again,    1125  
 To feign himself in earnest slain ;  
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
 And seeming in his breast to smother  
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I,  
 Alive or dead, which way came I    1130  
 Thro' so immense a space so soon ?  
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon ;  
 And that a monster with huge whiskers,  
 More formidable than a Switzer's,  
 My body thro' and thro' had drill'd,    1135  
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;  
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,  
 And plunder'd all we had to lose ;

Look there he is, I see him now,  
And feel the place I am run thro': 1140  
And there lies Whachum by my side  
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd:  
Oh ! oh !-----With that he fetch'd a groan,  
And fell again into a swoon,  
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath, 1145  
And to the life out-acted death:  
That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
He held it now no longer safe  
To tarry the return of Ralph; 1150  
But rather leave him in the lurch:  
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,  
Refused to give himself one firk,  
To carry on the public Work ;  
Despis'd our synod men like dirt, 1155  
And made their discipline his sport;  
Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,  
And their conventions prov'd high places:  
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs, as Pagan,  
And set at naught their cheese and bacon; 1160  
Rail'd at their covenant, and jeer'd  
Their rev'rend parsons to my beard;  
For all which scandals, to be quit  
At once, this juncture falls out fit.  
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165  
And tempt my fury if he dare;  
He must at least hold up his hand,  
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;  
Who by their skill in palmistry,  
Will quickly read his destiny. 1170

And make him glad to read his lesson,  
 Or take a turn for't at the Session ;  
 Unless his light and gift prove truer  
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;  
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175  
 'Tis more than he can hope to do :  
 And that will disengage my conscience  
 O' th' obligation in his own sense ;  
 I'll make him now by force abide  
 What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180  
 To give my honour satisfaction,  
 And right the Brethren in the action.  
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
 And with activity unwont, 1185  
 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;  
 Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his palfry,  
 To get from th' enemy, and Ralph, free :  
 Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,  
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL  
E P I S T L E  
O F  
H U D I B R A S  
T O  
S I D R O P - H E L.

*Ecce iterum Crispinus-----*

**W**ELL, Sidrophel, tho' 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy brain,  
Without trepanning of your skull  
As often as the moon's at full;  
'Tis not amiss ere y' are giv'n o'er,  
To try one desperate med'cine more;  
For where your case can be no worse;  
The desp'rat'ft is the wifest course.  
It's possible, that you, whose ears  
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,  
And might, with equal reason, either  
For merit, or extent of leather,  
With William Pryn's, before they were  
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, compare,

Should yet be deaf against a noise 15  
 So roaring as the publick voice?  
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,  
 And openly in ev'ry croud,  
 As loud as one that sings his part  
 T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip cart, 20  
 Or your new-nick-nam'd old invention  
 To cry green ~~hastings~~ with an engine;  
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound),  
 And 'cause your folly's now no news, 25  
 But overgrown, and out of use,  
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,  
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature;  
 When folly, as it grows in years,  
 The more extravagant appears; 30  
 For who but you could be possess'd  
 With so much ignorance, and beast,  
 That neither all mens scorn and hate,  
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35  
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;  
 But (like a reprobate) what course  
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
 Can no transfusion of the blood,  
 That makes fowls cattle, do you good? 40  
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn them into mungrel curs,  
 Put you into a way, at least,  
 To make yourself a better beast?  
 Can all your critical intrigues 45  
 Of trying sound for rotten eggs;

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Your sev'ral new-found remedies  
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees ;  
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,  
 And purging their infected saps ; 50  
 Recov'ring shankers, cryftallines,  
 And nodes and botches in the rinds,  
 Have no effect to operate  
 Upon the duller block, your pate?  
 But still it must be leudly bent 55  
 To tempt your own due punishment ;  
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw  
 The boys to course you without law ;  
 As if the art you have so long  
 Profess'd of making old dogs young, 60  
 In you, had virtue to renew  
 Not only youth, but childhood too.  
 Can you, that understand all books,  
 By judging only with your looks,  
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65  
 As others do with B's and A's ;  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows :  
 All arts and sciences advance,  
 With screwing of your countenance ; 70  
 And, with a penetrating eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in't ;  
 And yet have no art true or false, 75  
 To help your own bad naturals ?  
 But still, the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder :

For fools are known by looking wise,  
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college  
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to :  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 With ignorance and face alone : 90  
 No, tho' y' have purchas'd to your name  
 In history so great a fame ;  
 That now your talent's so well known,  
 For having all belief out-grown,  
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95  
 Is measur'd by your German scale-----  
 By which the virtuosi try  
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,  
 Cast up to what it does amount,  
 And place the bigg'st to your account : 100  
 That all those stories that are laid  
 Too truly to you, and those made,  
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
 Alas ! that faculty betrays 105  
 Those soonest it designs to raise :  
 And all your vain renown will spoil,  
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil :  
 Tho' he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110



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And put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim:  
 Tho' you have try'd that nothing's borne  
 With greater ease than public scorn,  
 That all affronts do still give place 115  
 To your impenetrable face;  
 That makes your way thro' all affairs,  
 As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs:  
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit and brass,  
 You must not think 't will always pass; 120  
 For all impostors, when they're known,  
 Are past their labour, and undone.  
 And all the best that can befall  
 An artificial natural,  
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 125  
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
 And, proof against her influence,  
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
 For sport of boys, and rabble-wit. 130

# H U D I B R A S.

## P A R T T H I R D.

### C A N T O F I R S T.

:

#### T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce ;  
They both approach the Lady's bower,  
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her,  
She treats them with a masquerade,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made :  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him from himself by night.

'TIS true, no lover has that pow'r,  
T' enforce a desperate amour,  
As he that hath two strings to's bow,  
And burns for love and money too ;  
For then he's brave and resolute, 5  
Disdains to render in his suit,  
Has all his flames and raptures double,  
And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble ;  
While those who fillily pursue  
The simple, downright way and true, 10

Make as unluckly applications,  
 And steer against the stream, their passions :  
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
 And when the ladies prove averse,  
 And more untoward to be won, 15  
 Than by Caligula the moon,  
 Cry out upon the stars for doing  
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing;  
 When only by themselves they're hind' red,  
 For trusting those they made her kindred; 20  
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder.  
 The damsels prove, become the fonder.  
 For what mad lover ever dy'd  
 To gain a soft and gentle bride;  
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25  
 In purling streams or hemp departed?  
 Leap'd headlong iot' Elysium,  
 Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?  
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,  
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30  
 This to the Knight could be no news,  
 With all mankind so much in use;  
 Who therefore took the wiser course,  
 To make the most of his amours,  
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35  
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight,  
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,  
 With all th' appurtenances, over,  
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover : 40  
 As he was always wont to do  
 When he had discomfited a foe;

And us'd the only antique philtres,  
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
 But now triumphant and victorious, 45  
 He held th' atchievement was too glorious  
 For such a conqueror to meddle  
 With petty constable or beadle;  
 Or fly for refuge to the hostels  
 Of th' inns of court and Chancery, Justice; 50  
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws;  
 Where none escape, but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have pass'd bare-handed;  
 And if they cannot read one verse 55  
 I' th' psams, must sing it, and that's worse.  
 He therefore judging it below him,  
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail  
 And mainprize for him, to the jail, 60  
 To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall;  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the Lady a rencounter,  
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65  
 And conquest o'er the fierce Magician;  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate,  
 The number of the blows, and weight; 70  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h' had done the deed.  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare,  
 No pawning of his soul to swear;

But rather than produce his back, 72  
 To set his conscience on the rack;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,  
 And all things else upon his part,  
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80  
 Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces.  
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights;  
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85  
 And put them into am'rous twitters;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Untill their gallants were half-kill'd:  
 But when their bones were drubb'd so fore,  
 They durst not wooe one combat more, 90  
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies;  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse 95  
 That widows greatest herds of cows;  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?  
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,  
 The Knights late order to obey: 100  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadles, constables and watchmen,  
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder  
 Committed safely on his lumber;  
 When he who had so lately sack'd 105  
 The enemy, had done the fast,

Had rifled all his pokes and fobs,  
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd, †  
 And for his own inventions father'd: 110  
 And when they should, at goal-delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough,  
 To render neither halter proof:  
 He thought it desperate to tarry, 115  
 And venture to be accessory;  
 But rather wisely slipt his fetters,  
 And leave them for the Knight; his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play  
 He would have offer'd him that day, 120  
 To make him curry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation.  
 And therefore much about the hour 125  
 The Knight (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury  
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury;  
 The Squire concur'd t' abandon him,  
 And serve him in the self-same trim; 130  
 T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on;  
 What project 'twas he went about,  
 When Sidrophel and he fell out:  
 His firm and stedfast resolution, 135  
 To swear her to an execution;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her.

In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 Their party ~~saunts~~ to represent, 140  
 Who néver fail'd, upon their sharing,  
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
 To lay themselves out, to supplant  
 Each other cousin-germain saint.

But ere the Knight could do his part, 145  
 The Squire had got so much the start,  
 H' had to the Lady done his errand,  
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finish'd his report,  
 The Knight alighted in the court; 150  
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
 And taken time for both to stale,  
 He put his band and beard in order,  
 The sprucer to accost and board her:  
 And now began t' approach the door, 155  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight;  
 And went to entertain the Knight:  
 With whom encount'ring, after longees  
 Of humble and submissive congees, 160  
 And all due ceremonies paid,  
 He strok'd his beard, and thus he said.

Madam, I do as is my duty,  
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie:  
 And now am come, to bring your ear 165  
 A present you'll be glad to hear;  
 At least I hope so. The thing's done,  
 Or may I never see the sun;  
 For which I humbly now demand  
 Performance at your gentle hand; 170

Canto I.    H U \* D I B R A S.    837

And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine to my smart.    8

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ake.  
But she, who well enough knew what    175

(Before he spoke) he would be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he mean'd;  
And therefore with'd him to expound  
His dark expressions, less profound.    180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
Which (like your votary) to win  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;  
And for those meritorious lashes,    185  
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted scone;  
And that you promis'd for that favour,  
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour,    190  
And for my sake and service vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy load,  
And what 'twould bear, t' a scruple prove,  
As other knights do oft make love;  
Which whether you have done or no,    195  
Concerns yourself, not me, to know.

But if you have, I shall confess,  
You're honestest than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by oath:    200  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have done't;



And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think does give the best secur'ry. -

Quoth she; Some say, the soul's secure 205  
Against distresses and forfeiture;

Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;

And to be summon'd to appear  
In the other world's illegal here. 210

And therefore few make any account  
For what incumbrances they run't.

For most men carry things so even  
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
Without the least offence to either, 215

They freely deal in all together;  
And equally abhor to quit

This world for both, or both for it;  
And when they pawn, and damn their souls,  
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,

They may b' accountable in all,

For when there is that intercourse

Between divine and human pow'rs,

That all that we determine here 225

Commands obedience ev'ry where;

When penalties may be commured

For fines, or ears, and executed;

It follows, nothing binds so fast

As souls in pawn, and mortgage pass: 230

For oaths are only tests and seals

Of right and wrong, of true and false

And there's no other way to try

The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would sweat? 235

There's no believing till I here:

For till they're understood, all tales  
(Like nonsense) are not true or false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey  
What you commanded t' other day, 240

And to perform my exercise,  
(As schools are wont), for your fair eyes:

To avoid all scruples in the case,

I went to do't upon the place.

But as the castle is enchanted 245

By Sidrophel the witch, that haunted;

With evil spirits, as you know,

Who took my Squire and me for two;

Before I'd hardly time to lay

My weapons by, and disarray, 250

I heard a formidable noise,

Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,

That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,

I'm ready with the infernal whip,

That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255

To expiate thy ling'ring sin.

Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,

And not perform'd thy plighted troth;

But spar'd thy renegado back,

When th' hadst so great a prize at stake: 260

Which now the Fates hath order'd me

For penance and revenge to slay,

Unless thou presently make haste.

Time is, time was. And there it ceas'd,

With which, tho' startled, I confess, 265

Yet th' horror of the thing was less

Than th' other dismal apprehension  
 Of interruption and prevention :  
 And therefore snatching up the rod,  
 I laid upon my back a load ; 270  
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
 To make my word and honour good :  
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,  
 For new recruits of breath and strength,  
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 275  
 As if th' 'ad been by lovers plac'd,  
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
 And chaste contemplative bardashing :  
 When facing hastily about,  
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280  
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,  
 And th' under witch his Caliban,  
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285  
 And gave the hellish rage a stop :  
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
 Courageously on Sidrophel :  
 Who, now transform'd himself to a bear,  
 Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290  
 When I as furiously press'd on,  
 My weapon down his throat to run ;  
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose,  
 And turn'd himself into a goose,  
 Div'd under water in a pond, 295  
 To hide himself from being found.  
 In vain I sought him ; but as soon  
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,

<b>Canto I. H U D I B R A S.</b>	<b>243</b>
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,	
His under-forcerer t' engage	300
But bravely scorning to defile	
My sword with feeble blood and vile;	
I judge it better from a quick-	
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,	
With which I furiously laid on ;	305
Till in a harsh and doleful tone	
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir :	
I am too great a sufferer,	..
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,	
But conjur'd int' a worse caprich :	310
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,	
Old houses in the night to haunt,	
For opportunities to improve	
Designs of thievery or love ;	
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,	315
All feats of witches counterfeit,	
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,	
And make it for enchantment pass ;	
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,	
And choak with fumes of Guiney pepper ;	320
Make lechers and their punks with dewtry	
Commit fantastical advowtry ;	
Bewitch Hermetic men to run	
Stark staring mad with manicon ;	
Believe mechanic virtuosi	325
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;	
And, sillier than the antic fools,	
Take treasure for a heap of coals ;	
Seek out for plants with signatures,	
To quack of universal cures ;	330

With figures ground on panes of glass,  
 Make people on their heads to pass:  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece:  
 To draw in fools, whose natural itches 335  
 Incline perpetually to witches;  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears:  
 When less delinquents have been scoutg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340  
 Which others for gravats have worn  
 About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment.  
 The wretched caitiff underwent,  
 And held my drubbing of his bones 345  
 Too great an honour for poltrones;  
 For knights are bound to feel no blows  
 From paltry and unequal foes,  
 Who when they slash and cut to pieces,  
 Do all with civillest addresses: 350  
 Their horses never give a blow,  
 But when they make a leg and bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and press'd him  
 About the witch with many a question.  
 Quoth he, For many years he drove 355  
 A kind of broken-trade in love;  
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust  
 Of feeble speculative lust;  
 Procurer to th' extravagancy  
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360  
 By those the devil had forsook,  
 As things below him, to provoke.

But b'ing a virtuosi, able  
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
 He held his talent most adroit 365  
 For any mystical exploit;  
 As others of his tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their prices three to one.  
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
 Of chauldrons of plain downright bawds. 370  
 But as an elf (the devil's valet)  
 Is not so slight a thing to get;  
 For those that do his bus'ness best,  
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest;  
 Before so meriting a person 375  
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,  
 He serv'd two 'prentiships, and longer,  
 I th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
 As soon as from the body loos'd, 380  
 Becomes a puny imp itself,  
 And is another's witch's elf.  
 He, after searching far and near.  
 At length found one in Lancashire,  
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand, 385  
 And, after hanging, entertain'd.  
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,  
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats:  
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes; 390  
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
 Or Pharaoh's wizards cou'd their switches,  
 And all with whom h' has had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too.

Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395

And to this beastly shape reduc'd,

By feeding me on beans and peese,

He crams in nasty crevices,

And turns to comfits by his arts,

To make me relish for differts, 400

And one by one, with shame and fear,

Lick up the candy'd provender.

Beside-----But as h' was running on,

To tell what other feats he had done,

The Lady stopt his full career, 405

And told him now 'twas time to hear.

If all those things, said she, be true-----

They're all, quoth he, I swear by you.

Why then, said she, that Sidrophel

Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ; 410

Who, mounted on a broom the nag,

And hackney of a Lapland hag,

In quest of you came hither post,

Within an hour, I'm sure, at most ;

Who told me all you swear and say, 415

Quite contrary another way ;

Vow'd that you came to him to know

If you should carry me or no ;

And would have hir'd him and his imps,

To be your match-makers and pimps, 420

T' engage the devil on your side,

And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.

But he disdaining to embrace

So filthy a design and base,

You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425

And drew upon him like a ruffian,

Surpris'd him meanly unprepar'd,  
 Before h' had time to mount his guard:  
 And left him dead upon the ground,  
 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound: 430  
 Swore you had broke, and robb'd his house,  
 And stole his Talismanique louse,  
 And all his new-found old inventions,  
 With flat felonious intentions,  
 Which he could bring out, where he had, . 435  
 And what he bought them for, and paid;  
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,  
 And all in perfect minutes made,  
 By th' ablest artist of the trade; 440  
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been eaten up almost;  
 And altogether might amount  
 To many hundreds on account:  
 For which h' had gotten sufficient warrant 445  
 To seize the malefactors errant,  
 Without capacity of bail,  
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;  
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches,  
 To serve for pendulums to watches, 550  
 Which, modern virtuosos say,  
 Incline to hanging ev'ry way.  
 Beside he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
 That ere he went in quest of you,  
 He set a figure to discover 455  
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover;  
 And found it clear, that, to betray  
 Yourselfs and me, you fled this way;



And that he was upon pursuit,  
 To take you somewhere hereabout. 460  
 He vow'd he had intelligence  
 Of all that pass'd before and since ;  
 And found, that ere you came to him,  
 Y' had been engaging life and limb,  
 About a case of tender conscience, 465  
 Where both abounded in your own sense ;  
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;  
 And prov'd that you might swear and own  
 Whatever's by the wicked done. 470  
 For which, most basely to requite  
 The service of his gift and light,  
 You strove t' oblige him by main force,  
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;  
 But that he stood upon his guard, 475  
 And all your vapouring out-dar'd :  
 For which, between you both, the feat  
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480  
 (As men of inward light are wont  
 To turn their optics in upon't).  
 He wonder'd how she came to know  
 What he had done, and meant to do ;  
 Held up his affidavit-hand, 484  
 As if h' had been to be arraign'd :  
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke.

Madam, if but one word be true  
 Of all the Wizard has told you, 490

Or but one single circumstance  
 In all th' apocryphal romance,  
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own;  
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover      495  
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,  
 (I thank you), for yourself and me;  
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits  
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits.      500  
 A most compendious way, and civil,  
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
 And heav'n and hell, yourselves and those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose  
 Why then, quoth he, may hell surprize-----505  
 That trick, said she, will not pass twice:  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing      [ing:  
 What you would prove, than downright swear-  
 For if you have perform'd the feat,      511  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action.  
 And if you can produce those knobs,      515  
 Altho' they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your nat'ral self-had done't;  
 Provided that they pass th' opinion  
 Of able juries of old women;      520  
 Who, us'd to judge of matter of facts  
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, quoth he, your love's a million :  
 To do is less than to be willing,  
 As I am, were it in my power      525  
 T' obey, what you command, and more.  
 But for performing what you bid,  
 I thank you as much as if I did.  
 You know I ought to have a care  
 To keep my wounds from taking air ;      530  
 For wounds in those that are all heart,  
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find, quoth she, my goods and chattels  
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles :  
 For still the longer we contend,      535  
 We are but farther off the end.  
 But granting now we should agree,  
 What is it you expect from me ?  
 Your plighted faith, quoth he, and word  
 You pass'd in heaven on record,      540  
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
 Are everlastingly inroll'd.  
 And if 'tis counted treason here  
 To raze records, 'tis much more there

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545  
 Nor marriages clap'd up in heav'n ;  
 And that's the reason, as some guess,  
 There is no heav'n in marriages ;  
 Two things that naturally press  
 Too narrowly, to be at ease.      550  
 Their bus'ness there is only love,  
 Which marriage is not like t' improve.  
 Love that's too gen'rous to abide  
 To be against its nature ty'd :

For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555

It breaks loose where it is confin'd:

And like the soul, its harbourer,

Debarr'd the freedom of the air,

Disdains against its will to stay,

But struggles out, and flies away: 560

And therefore never can comply

T' endure the matrimonial tie,

That binds the female and the male,

Where th' one is but the other's bail;

Like Roman goalers, when they slept, 565

Chain'd to the prisoners they kept;

Of which the true and faithfull'st lover

Gives best security, to suffer.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,

That carries double in soul way; 570

And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd

It should so suddenly be tir'd:

A bargain at a venture made,

Between two partners in a trade,

(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575

But something past away, and sold?)

That as it makes but one of two,

Reduces all thing else as low:

And at the best is but a mart

Between the one and th' other part, 580

That on the marriage-day is paid,

Or hour of death, the bet is laid;

And all the rest of better or worse,

Both are but losers out of purse.

For when upon their ungot heirs 585

Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,

What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and seven?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 Their childrens tenants ere they're born?      590  
 Beg one another idiot  
 The guardians, ere they are begot:  
 Or ever shall perhaps, by th' one,  
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
 Tho' got b' implicit generation,      595  
 And gen'ral club of all the nation:  
 For which she's fortify'd no less  
 Then all the island with four seas:  
 Exacts the tribute of her dow'r,  
 In ready insolence and pow'r:      600  
 And makes him pass away, to have  
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
 More wretched than an ancient villain,  
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;  
 While all he does upon the by,      605  
 She is not bound to justify,  
 Nor at the proper cost and charge  
 Maintain the seats he does at large.  
 Such hideous sots were those obedient  
 Old vassals to their ladies regent;      610  
 To give the cheats the eldest hand  
 In foul play, by the laws o' th' land;  
 For which so many a legal cuckold  
 Has been run down in courts, and truckled:  
 A law that most unjustly yokes  
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,      615  
 Without distinction of degree,  
 Condition, age, or quality;

**Canto I. HUDIBRAS. 251**

Admits no pow'r of revocation,  
Nor valuable consideration, 620  
Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
Of judgment past, for better or worse :  
Will not allow the privileges  
That beggars challenge under hedges,  
Who when they're griev'd, can make dead horses  
Their spiritual judges of divorces ; 626  
While nothing else but *rem in re*  
Can set the proudest wretches free ;  
A slavery beyond enduring,  
But that 'tis of their own procuring : 630  
As spiders never seek the fly,  
But leave him of himself t' apply ;  
So men are by themselves employ'd  
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
And run their necks into a noose 635  
They'd break 'em after to get loose.  
As some whom death would not depart,  
Have done the fate themselves by art ;  
Like Indian widows, gone to bed  
In flaming curtains of the dead ; 640  
And men as often dangled for't,  
And yet will never leave the sport.  
Nor do the ladies want excuse  
For all the stratagems they use,  
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645  
And lurch the am'rous rook and cheat.  
For as the Pythagorean soul  
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
And has a smack of ev'ry one ;  
So love does, and has ever done. 650

And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,  
Takes strangely to the vagabond.

'Tis but an ague that's reverst,  
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
That after burns with cold as much      655

As ir'n in Greenland does the touch;  
Melts in the furnace of desire,  
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;  
And when his heat of fancy's over,  
Becomes as hard and frail a lover.      660

For when he's with the love-powder laden,  
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss, or Madam,  
The smallest sparkle of an eye  
Gives fire to his artillery;

And off the loud oaths go, but while      665  
They're in the very act, recoil,  
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance  
Without a sep'rate maintenance:

And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
Trust none again, till th' have made over;      670  
Or if they do, before they marry,  
The foxes weigh the geese they carry,  
And ere they venture on a stream,  
Know how to size themselves and them.

Whence witti'ft ladies always chuse      675  
To undertake the heaviest goose.

For now the world is grown so wary,  
That few of either sex dare marry,  
But rather trust on tick t' amours,  
The cross and pile for bett'r or worse:      680

A mode that is held honourable,  
As well as French, and fashionable,

For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body two unite,      685  
 To make up one hermaphrodite :  
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,  
 Th' have more punctilios and caprices  
 Between the petticoat and breeches,      690  
 More petulant extravagancies,  
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;  
 Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames :  
 For then their late attracts decline,      695  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;  
 And all their caterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous piques :  
 Which the Ancients wisely signify'd,  
 By th' yellow mantaus of the bride :      700  
 For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and crincum of the mind,  
 The natural effects of love,  
 As other flames and aches prove :  
 But all the mischief is, the doubt      705  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chineses go to bed,  
 And lie in; in their ladies stead,  
 And for the pains they took before,  
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ;      710  
 Our green men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in labour with a-clap ;  
 Both lay the child to one another :  
 But who's the father, who the mother,



'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 703  
 Or who imported the French goods,  
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
 Which both before engag'd to own,  
 And are not with their bodies bound  
 To worship only when they're found, 709  
 Both give and take their equal shares  
 Of all they suffer by false wares :  
 A fate no lover can divert  
 With all his caution, wit, and art,  
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess 715  
 A woman by appearances ;  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions ;  
 And daub their tempers o'er with wafers  
 As artificial as their faces ; 721  
 Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents  
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
 Untill they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose :  
 When all the flaws they strive to hide, 727  
 Are made unready, with the bride,  
 That with her wedding cloaths undresses,  
 Her complaisance and gentleness :  
 Tries all her arts, to take upon her  
 The government from th' easy owner : 733  
 Until the wretch is glad to wave  
 His lawful rights, and turn her slave,  
 Find all his having and his holding,  
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;  
 The conjugal petard, that tears 739  
 Down all portullices of ears,

And makes the voyage of the tongue  
For all their leathern shields too strong;  
When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
The female silk-worms ride the males, 750  
Transform 'em into rams and goats,  
Like Sirens with their charming notes;  
Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
Or those enchanting murmurs made  
By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755  
Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
Of wanton, over-heated brains,  
Which ralliers in their wit or drink,  
Do rather wheedle with, than think. 760  
Man was not man in paradise,  
Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his bride,  
Carv'd from th' original, his side,  
T' amend his natural defects, 765  
And perfect his recruited sex;  
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen  
The pains and labour of encreasing,  
By changing them for other cares,  
As by his dry'd up paps appears. 770  
His body, that stupendous frame,  
Of all the world the anagram,  
Is of two equal parts compact,  
In shape and symmetry exact,  
Of which the left and female side 775  
Is to the manly right a bride.  
Both join'd together with such art,  
That nothing else but death can part.

Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
 And face, that all the world surprisè, 780  
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other ladies tawny;  
 Those ravishing and charming graces,  
 Are all made up of two half faces,  
 That in a mathematic line, 785  
 Like those in other heavens, join.  
 Of which, if either grew alone,  
 'Twould fright as much to look upon:  
 And so would that sweet bud your lip,  
 Without the other's fellowship. 790  
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;  
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
 To wait upon the soul design'd;  
 But those that serve the body alone, 795  
 Are single, and confin'd to one.  
 The world is but two parts, that meet;  
 And close at th' equinoctial sit!  
 And so are all the works of nature  
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter: 800  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How 'ntirely marriage is her care,  
 The only method that she uses, 805  
 In all the wonders she produces.  
 And those that take their rules from her,  
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.  
 For what secures the civil life  
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810

That ly, like hostages, at stake,  
To pay for all men undertake;  
To whom it is as necessary,  
As to be born and breathe, to marry;  
So universal, all mankind  
In nothing else is of one mind.

819

For in what stupid age, or nation,  
Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
Unless among the Amazons,  
Or cloister'd Friars, and Vestal Nuns;  
Or stoicks, who, to bar the freaks  
And loose excesses of the sex,

820

Prepost'rously wou'd have all women  
Turn'd up to all the world in common.  
Tho' men would find such mortal feuds  
In sharing of their public goods,

825

'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
Than they're supply'd with now by wives:

Until they graze, and wear their cloaths,  
As beasts do, of their native growths;

830

For simple wearing of their horns,  
Will not suffice to serve their turns.

For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?

Could claim no right to lands or rents,  
But for our parents' settlements;

825

Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,  
Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.

What honours, or estates of peers

Cou'd be preserv'd, but by their heirs;

840

And what security maintains

Their right and title, but the bane?

What crowns could be hereditary,  
If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
And with their consorts consummate 845  
Their weightiest interest of state?  
For all the amours of princes are  
But guarantees of peace or war.  
Or what but marriage has a charm  
The rage of empires to disarm? 850  
Make blood and desolation cease,  
And fire and sword unite in peace,  
When all their fierce contests for forage  
Conclude in articles of marriage?  
Nor does the genial bed provide 855  
Less for the int'rests of the bride;  
Who else had not the least pretence  
T' as much as due benevolence;  
Could no more title take upon her  
To virtue, quality, and honour, 860  
Than ladies errant; unconfin'd:  
And femme-coverts to all mankind.  
All women would be of one piece,  
The virtuous matron, and the miss;  
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865  
The same with those in Lewkner's lane,  
But for the difference marriage makes  
'Twixt wives, and ladies of the lakes:  
Besides, the joys of place and birth;  
The sex's paradise on earth; 870  
A privilege so sacred held;  
That none will to their mothers yield;  
But rather than not go before,  
Abandon heaven at the door.

Canto I. H U D I B R A S. 259

And if th' indulgent law allows 875

A greater freedom to the spouse;

The reason is, because the wife

Runs greater hazards of her life;

Is trusted with the form and matter

Of all mankind, by careful Nature. 880

Where man brings nothing but the stuff

She frames the wondrous fabric of:

Who therefore, in a strait, may freely

Demand the clergy of her belly:

And make it save her the same way. 885

It seldom misses to betray:

Unless both parties wisely enter

Into the liturgy indenture.

And tho' some fits of small contest

Sometimes fall out among the best; 890

That is no more than every lover

Does from his hackney-lady suffer;

That makes no breach of faith and love,

But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve.

For as, in running, ev'ry space 895

Is but between two legs a race.

In which both do their uttermost

To get before and win the post:

Yet when they're at their race's ends,

They're still as kind and constant friends, 900

And to relieve their weariness,

By turns give one another ease:

So all these false alarms of strife

Between the husband and the wife,

And little quarrels, often prove 905

To be but new recruits of love:

When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are their loudest clamours more,  
 Than as they're relish'd, sweet or sour : 910  
 Like music, that proves bad or good,  
 According as 'tis understood.  
 In all amours a lover burns,  
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;  
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen, 915  
 As charming looks, surpriz'd and stolen.  
 Then why should more bewitching clamour  
 Some lovers not as much enamour ?  
 For discords make the sweetest airs,  
 And curses are a kind of prayers ; 920  
 Too slight alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.  
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
 Th' interests of love perpetual;  
 An act and deed, that makes one heart 925  
 Become another's counterpart,  
 And passes fines on faith and love,  
 Inroll'd and register'd above.  
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
 Which nothing else but death can loose, 930  
 And what security's too strong,  
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong.  
 That to his friend is glad to pass  
 Itself away, and all it has ;  
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935  
 This world, for th' heaven of a lover ?  
 I grant, quoth she, there are some few  
 Who take that course, and find it true ;

**Canto I. H U D I B R A S. 251**

But millions whom the same does sentence,  
 To Heaven b' another way, repentance. 940  
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
 Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers;  
 And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon more blind events,  
 Than gamesters, when they play a set 945  
 With greatest cunning at piquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they're fast  
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950  
 But strive to plunder and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?  
 To change the property of selves;  
 As sucking children are by elves?  
 And if they use their persons so, 955  
 What will they to their fortunes do?  
 Their fortunes, the perpetual aims  
 Of all their ecstacies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And, *all my wordly goods*---but spoke 960  
 (The formal livery and seisin  
 That puts a lover in possession),  
 That all alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
 The bride a flamm, that's superseded.  
 To that their faith is still made good, 965  
 And all the oaths for us they vow'd.  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 W' have nothing left we can call ours:  
 Our money's now become the miss.  
 Of all your lives and services; 970



And we forsaken and postpon'd,  
 But bawds to what before we own'd;  
 Which as it made y<sup>e</sup> at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors, 975  
 (As we had been) for new amours.  
 For what did ever heirs yet,  
 By being born to lordships get?  
 When the more lady she's of manours,  
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners. 980  
 Pays for their projects and designs,  
 And for her own destruction fines;  
 And does but tempt them with her riches,  
 To use them as the devil does Witches;  
 Who takes it for a special grace, 985  
 To be their cully for a space,  
 That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels  
 For ever may become his vassals;  
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
 Betrays herself, and all sh<sup>e</sup> inherits; 990  
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
 By pimps, and matchmakers, and bawds;  
 Until they force her to convey,  
 And steal the thief himself away.  
 These are the everlasting fruits 995  
 Of all your passionate love-suits,  
 Th<sup>e</sup> effects of all your am'rous fancies,  
 To portions and inheritances;  
 Your love-sick rapture for fruition  
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition; 1000  
 To which you make address in courtship,  
 And with your bodies strive to worship,

That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
 Of love too for the mother's sake. 1008  
 For these you play at purposes,  
 And love your lovers with A's and B's;  
 For these at Bests and l'Ombre woo,  
 And play for love and money too;  
 Strive who shall be the ablest man  
 At right gallanting of a fan; 1010  
 And who the most genteely bred  
 At sucking of a vizor-head;  
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
 T' our question-and-command-new garters;  
 And solidly discourse upon 1015  
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*.  
 For there's no mystery nor trade,  
 But in the art of love is made:  
 And when you have more debts to pay,  
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020  
 And no way possible to do't  
 But love, and oaths, and restless suit,  
 To us y' apply to pay the scores  
 Of all your gully'd, past amours:  
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025  
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,  
 Which others' influences long since  
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins,  
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030  
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!  
 How debts and mortgages enchant!  
 What graces must that lady have,  
 That can from execution save!

What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035  
And null decree and exigent !

What magical attracts and graces,  
That can redeem from *fiire facias* !

From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
And from contempts of courts enlarge ! 1040

These are the highest excellencies  
Of all your true or false pretences.

And you would damn yourselves, and swear

As much t' an hostess-dowager,

Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045

Of pots of beer and bottled ale ;

And find her fitter for your turn,

For fat is wond'rous apt to burn ;

Who at your flames would soon take fire,

Relent and melt to your desire, 1050

And, like a candle in a socket,

Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 't was grown dark and late,

When th' heard a knocking at the gate,

Laid on in haste with such a powder, 1055

The blows grow louder still and louder :

Which Hudibras, as if th' had been

Bestow'd as freely on his skin,

Expounding by his inward light,

Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060

To be the wizard, come to searh

And take him napping in the lurch,

Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,

But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.

For men will tremble and turn paler, 1065

With too much or too little valour.

His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage thro' his side.  
 Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,  
 But in a fury to fly at 'em:     1070  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out.  
 But she, who saw in what a taking  
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,     1075  
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no right  
 Of hospitality t' a stranger,  
 But, to secure you out of danger,  
 Will here myself stand centinel,  
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel.     1080  
 Women, you know, do seldom fail  
 To make the stoutest men turn tail;  
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.  
 At this the Knight grew resolute     1085  
 As Ironside, or Hardiknute;  
 His fortitude began to rally,  
 And out he cry'd aloud, to sally.  
 But she besought him to convey  
 His courage rather out o' th' way,     1090  
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
 Or fortify'd behind a door;  
 That if the enemy should enter,  
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd against the door,  
 As fierce as at the gate before;     1096  
 Which made the renegado Knight  
 Relapse again t' his former fright.

He thought it desperate to stay  
 Till the enemy had forc'd his way, 1100  
 But rather post himself to serve  
 The Lady for a fresh reserve.  
 His duty was not to dispute,  
 But what sh' had order'd execute :  
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105  
 And therefore stoutly march'd away ;  
 And all t' encounter'd fell upon,  
 Tho' in the dark, and all alone ;  
 Till fear, that braver fears performs,  
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110  
 Had drawn him up before a post,  
 To stand upon his guard, and face :  
 This he courageously invaded,  
 And having enter'd, barricado'd ;  
 Inscenc'd himself as formidable 1115  
 As could be underneath a table ;  
 Where he lay down in ambush close,  
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes.  
 Few minutes he had lain perdue,  
 To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120  
 Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
 As loud as putting to the rout ;  
 With which impatiently alarm'd,  
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd ;  
 And after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125  
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell.  
 He therefore sent out all his senses,  
 To bring him in intelligences ;  
 Which vulgar, out of ignorance,  
 Mistake, for falling in a trance ; 1130

But those that trade in geomancy,  
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy:  
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
 And things incredible reveal.  
 Mean while, the foe beat up his quarters,      1135  
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress.  
 And as another of the same  
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
 And in the same cause had engag'd,  
 And war with equal conduct wag'd,      1140  
 But vent'ring only but to thrust  
 His head a span beyond his post,  
 R' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers  
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears;  
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,      1145  
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
 As if they scorn'd to trade or barter,  
 By giving or by taking quarter:      1150  
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid.  
 For when a man is past his sense,  
 There's no way to reduce him thence,  
 But twinging him by th' ears and nose,      1155  
 Or laying on of heavy blows;  
 And if that will not do the deed,  
 To burning with hot ir'ns proceed.  
 No sooner was he come t' himself,  
 But on his neck a sturdy elf      1160  
 Clapt in a trice a cloven hoof,  
 And thus attack'd him with reproof.

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,  
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165  
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
 The brethrens privilege (against  
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,  
 Has here thy wretched carcase sent,  
 For just revenge and punishment; 1170  
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
 But by an open free confession:  
 For if we catch thee failing once,  
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray 1175  
 And filch the Lady's heart away?  
 To spirit her to matrimony?

That which contracts all matches, money,  
 It was th' enchantment of her riches,  
 That made m' apply t' your croney Witches;  
 That in return wou'd pay th' expence, 1181  
 The wear-and-tear of conscience;  
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd  
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then I speak true.  
 No more, quoth he, than I love you. 1186  
 How wou'd'st th' have us'd her and her money?—  
 First turn'd her up to alimony;  
 And laid her dowry out in law,  
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190  
 Which I beforehand had agreed  
 T' have put, on purpose, in the deed;  
 And bar her widow's making over  
 T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out 1195  
T' employ their sorceries about?

That which makes gamesters play with those  
Who have least wit and most to lose.

But did'st thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass:  
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass

Upon a woman well enough,  
As 't has been often found by proof;  
Whose humours are not to be won 1205

But when they are impos'd upon:  
For love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why did'st thou forge these shameful lies,  
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe;

A trick of following their leaders,  
To entertain their gentle readers.  
And we have now no other way 1215

Of passing all we do or say;  
Which, when 'tis natural and true,

Will be believ'd b' a very few;  
Beside the danger of offence,

The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin  
Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
The only saints-bell that rings all in;  
In which all churches are concern'd,  
And is the easiest to be learn'd:



For no degrees, unless th' employ't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:  
A gift that is not only able  
To domineer among the rabble, 1230  
But by the laws impower'd to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out;  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near;  
For no sin else among the saints 1235  
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—  
That which makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
Than all your doating politics,  
That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
Compar'd with your new reformation:  
That we must come to school to you, 1245  
To learn your more refin'd, and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,  
If y' were but at a meeting-house. 1250

'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,  
Because we have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine  
What wondrous things they will engage in:  
That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255  
Were angels all before they fell;  
So are you like to be agen  
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
 Thy scholar in this mystery; 1260  
 And therefore do desire to know  
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
 And one of us?-----A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265  
 And murder, godliness?-----Great gains.

What's tender conscience?----'Tis a botch  
 That will not bear the gentlest touch;  
 But breaking out, dispatches more  
 Than the epidemical 'st plague-fore. 1270

What makes y' incroach upon our trade,  
 And damn all others?----To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing  
 Against a conscience?----A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings. 1275  
 A good old cause?-----Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?---  
 About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before.  
 Prove false again?---Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
 A holy duty?----Food and cloaths.

What laws and freedom, persecution?  
 B'ing out of pow'r, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?---  
 A dean and chapter, and white sleeves. 1285

And what would serve, if those were gone,  
 To make it orthodox?---Our own.

What makes morality a crime,  
 The most notorious of the time;

Morality, which both the saints  
And wicked do cry out against?  
'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin:

And therefore no true saint allows  
1295 They shall be suffer'd to espouse:  
For saints can need no conscience,  
'That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
In nature only, and not imputed;  
1300 But why the wicked should do so,  
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,  
I' th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security,  
1305 Rebellion to its antient purity;  
And Christian purity reduce  
To th' elder practice of the Jews.  
For a large conscience is all one,  
And signifies the same with none.  
1310

It is enough, quoth he, for once,  
And has repriev'd thy forfeit-bones;  
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
(Tho he gives name to our old Nick,)  
But was below the least of these,  
1315 That pass'd i' th' world for holiness.

Thus said, the Furies and the light  
I' th' instant vanish'd out of sight;  
And left him in the dark alone,  
With stinks of brimstone and his own  
1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,  
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,  
 Was now declining to the west      1325  
 To go to bed, and take her rest ;  
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,  
 Lay still expecting worse and more,  
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor :      1330  
 And tho' he shut his eyes as fast,  
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,  
 Saw all the shapes that fear or Wizards  
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,  
 And pricking up his ears, to hark      1335  
 If he could hear too in the dark ;  
 Was first invaded with a groan,  
 And after, in a feeble tone,  
 These trembling words, Unhappy wretch,  
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch ;      1340  
 Or all thy tricks in this new trade,  
 Thy holy brotherhood of the blade ?  
 By saunt'ring still on some adventure,  
 And growing to thy horse a centaur,  
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs      1345  
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?  
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,  
 As well in conquest as defeat :  
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
 To rest the body and the mind,      1350  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd  
 As meant to him this reprimand,

Because the character did hit 1355  
 Point-blank upon his case so fit;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright  
 That staid upon the guard that night.  
 And one of those h' had seen and felt  
 The drubs he had so freely dealt. 1360  
 When, after a short pause and groan,  
 The doleful spirit thus went on.

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears  
 Pell-mell together by the ears,  
 And after painful bangs and knocks, 1365  
 To ly in limbo in the stocks,  
 And from the pinnacle of glory  
 Fall headlong into Purgatory :

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
 That on my late disasters rallies.) 1370  
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
 By being more heroic-minded;  
 And at a riding handled worse,  
 With treats more slovenly and coarse :  
 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375  
 And hot disputes with conjurers:  
 And when th' had't bravely won the day,  
 Was fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
 Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380  
 That impudently dares to own  
 What I have suffer'd for and done.)  
 And now by vent'ring to betray,  
 Had met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know 1385  
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His office of intelligence,  
 His oracles, are ceas'd long since;  
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,  
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints. 1390  
 This is some pettifogging fiend,  
 Some under-door-keepers' friend's friend,  
 That undertakes to understand.  
 And juggles at the second hand;  
 And now would pass for spirit Po, 1395  
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow,  
 I think I need not fear him for't;  
 These rallying devils do no hurt.  
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,  
 And hastily cry'd out, What art? 1400  
 A wretch, quoth he, whom want of grace  
 Has brought to this unhappy place.  
 I do believe thee, quoth the knight,  
 Thus far I'm sure th'art in the right;  
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405  
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.  
 Thou art some paltry, black-guard spright;  
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night:  
 Thou hast no work to do i' th' house,  
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes; 1410  
 Without the raising of which fur,  
 You dare not be so troublesome,  
 To pinch the flatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their work to do.  
 This is your business, good Pug-Robin, 1415  
 And your diversion, dull dry-bobbing,  
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
 And wash them clean in ditches for't.

Of which conceit you are so proud,  
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud. 1420  
 As now you would have done by me,  
 But that I barr'd your railery.

Sir, quoth the Voice, y'are no such sophi  
 As you would have the world judge of ye.  
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425  
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
 Or think it possible to know  
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you:  
 We who have been the everlasting  
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430  
 And never left you in contest,  
 With male or female, man or beast,  
 But prov'd as true t'ye, and entire,  
 In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435  
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew.  
 For none could have betray'd us worse  
 Than those allies of ours and yours.  
 But I have sent him for a token  
 To your low country hogen-mogen, 1440  
 To whose infernal shores I hope  
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope:  
 And if y' have been more just to me  
 (As I am apt to think) than he,  
 I am afraid it is as true, 1445  
 What th' ill-affected say of you.  
 Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true, I grant,  
 We made and took the covenant ; 1450

But that no more concerns the Cause,  
 Than other perjuries do the laws,  
 Which when they're prov'd in open court,  
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't.

And that's the reason cov'nanters 1455  
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence  
 These scandals of the saints commence,  
 That are but natural effects  
 Of Satan's malice, and his sect's, 1460  
 Those spider-faints that hang by threads  
 Spun out o' th' intrails of their heads.

Sir, quoth the voice, that may as true  
 And properly be said of you;  
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465  
 Or both the other put together.

For all the Independents do,  
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to.  
 You, who are not content alone  
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470  
 But must have armies rais'd to back  
 The gospel-work you undertake;

As if artillery, and edge-tools,  
 Were th' only engines to save souls.  
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475  
 By force to run down and devour;

Has ne'er a classis, cannot sentence  
 To stools, or poundage of repentance:  
 Is ty'd up only to design,  
 To entice, and tempt, and undermine: 1480

In which you all his arts outdo,  
 And prove yourselves his betters too.



Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
Than mere temptations of the devil,  
Which all the horrid'st actions done, 1485  
Are charg'd in courts of law upon;  
Because, unless they help the elf,  
He can do little of himself;  
And therefore where he's best possess'd,  
Acts most against his interest; 1490  
Surprises none but those wh' have priests  
To turn him out, and exorcists,  
Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
And magazines of ammunition,  
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working out salvation  
By meer mechanic operation;  
With holy water like a sluice,  
To overflow all avenues. 1500  
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd,  
T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,  
He never offers to surprise,  
Altho' his falsest enemies;  
But is content to be their drudge, 1505  
And on their errands glad to trudge;  
For where are all your forfeitures  
Intrusted in false hands, but ours?  
Who are but jailors of the holes  
And dungeons, where you clap up souls: 1510  
Like under-keepers, turn the keys  
T' your mittimps anathemas,  
And never boggle to restore  
The members you deliver o'er

**Canto I.      H U D I B R A S.      279**

**Upon demand, with fairer justice      1515**

**Than all your covenanting trustees ;**

**Unless, to punish them for worse,**

**You put them in the sec'lar pow'rs.**

**And pass their souls, as some demise**

**The same estate in mortgage twice :      1520**

**When to a legal utlegation**

**You turn your excommunication,**

**And for a groat unpaid that's due,**

**Distrain on soul and body too.**

**Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil      1525**

**State prudence, to cajole the devil ;**

**And not to handle him too rough,**

**When h' has us in his cloven hoof.**

**'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
Has pass'd between your friends and ours :**

**That as you trust us, in our way.      1531**

**To raise your members, and to lay,**

**We send you others of our own,**

**Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,**

**Or frighted with our oratory,      1535**

**To lead down headlong many a story ;**

**Have us'd all means to propagate**

**Your mighty interests of state,**

**Laid out our spiritual gifts to further**

**Your great designs of rage and murder.      1540**

**For if the saints are nam'd from blood,**

**We onl' have made that title good ;**

**And if it were but in our pow'r,**

**We should not scruple to do more,**

**And not be half a soul behind      1545**

**Of all dissenters of mankind,**

Right, quoth the Voice, and as I scorn  
 To be ungrateful, in return  
 Of all those kind good offices,  
 I'll free you out of this distress,      1550  
 And set you down in safety, where  
 It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn grows on,  
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone:  
 And if I leave you here till day,      1555  
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about,  
 To find th' enchanted Hero out,  
 And try'd with haste to lift him up;  
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,      1560  
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows  
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
 He thought to drag him by the heels,  
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels;  
 But Fear, that soonest cures these sores,      1565  
 In danger of relapse to worse,  
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,  
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.

No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
 But both made ready to dislodge:      1570  
 The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,  
 Upon the vehicle, his back;  
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
 With some few rubs against the wall;  
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,      1575  
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
 And in a moment gain'd the pass:

Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted foldier's  
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders;  
And cautiously began to scout, 1581  
To find their fellow-cattle out.  
Nor was it half a minutes's quest,  
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
Ty'd to a pale instead of a rack, 1585  
But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
Nor pistol's at the saddle-bow,  
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
He thought it was no time to stay,  
And let the night too steal away; 1590  
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
Upon the bare-ridge bolt upright,  
And groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
He found the saddle too was stray'd  
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595  
On which he speedily leapt up;  
And turning to the gate the rein,  
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.  
While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600  
And spurr'd as jockies use, to break,  
Or padders to secure a neck.  
Where let us leave 'em for a time.  
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;  
To hold forth their declining state, 1605  
Which now come near an even rate.

## C A N T O II.

### T H E A R G U M E N T.

The saints engage in fierce contests,  
About their carnal interests;  
To share their sacrilegious preys  
According to their rates of grace;  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm:  
Till, in the effigie of Rumps, the rabble  
Burns all their grandees of the Cabal.

**T**H E learned write, an insect breeze  
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
That falls, before a storm on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house;  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5  
Of vermin did at first proceed.  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,  
'The maggots of corrupted texts, 20  
That first run all religion down,  
And after ev'ry swarm its own.  
For as the Persian Magi once  
Upon their mothers got their sons,  
Who were incapable t' enjoy 15  
That empire any other way:  
So Presbyter begot the other  
Upon the good old Cause, his mother,

Then bore them like the devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same.     20  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when the prophets interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard.  
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,     25  
 But only by the ears engag'd:  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none,  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly appears.     30  
 Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to b' out of season:  
 For now there was no more to purchase     35  
 O' th' king's revenue, and the church's;  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on.  
 Which forc'd the stubborn 'st for the Cause,  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws,     40  
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd;  
 Like thieves that in a hemp-plot ly,  
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry.  
 For Presbyter and Independent     45  
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions,  
 On carnal orders and injunctions;  
 And all their precious gifts and graces  
 On outlawries and *seire facias*;     50

At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the dragon and St Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss.  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,      55  
 They came to share their dividends.  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint purchases,  
 In which the ablest saint and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest,      60  
 To pay their money; and, instead  
 Of every brother, pass the deed;  
 He strait converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds, and holy shifts:  
 And settled all the other shares      65  
 Upon his outward man and's heirs:  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands,  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of Providence:      70  
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attaints  
 Degraded from the right of saints.  
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun      75  
 With law and conscience to fall on;  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanwick;  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old;      80  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all unsanctify'd trustees:

Canto II. H U D I' B R A S. 285

Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' cause, receiv'd the overthrow ;  
 Or both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first.

Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of church and state, 90

Reform'd t' a reformado saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,

And make those uses serve agen 95  
 Against the new-enlighten'd men ;  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier :

Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic ; 100  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

The good old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite 305  
 The world to mischief with new light,

Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse ;  
 But was now grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of reformation,  
 A mungrel kind of church dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once :



And in the saddle of one steed 115

The Saracen and Christian rid :

Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,

To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)

No sooner got the start to lurch

Both disciplines, of war and church, 120

And providence enough to run

The chief commanders of 'em down,

But carry'd on the war against

The common enemies o' th' saints,

And in a while prevail'd so far 125

To win of them the game of war,

And be at liberty once more

T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,

T' unite their factions with alarms, 130

But all reduc'd and overcome,

Except their worst, themselves at home,

Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,

And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,

Subdu'd the nation, church and state, 135

And all things but their laws and hate.

But when they came to treat and transact,

And share the spoil of all they had ransack'd,

To borch up what th' had torn and rent,

Religion and the government, 140

They met no sooner, but prepar'd

To pull down all the war had spar'd;

Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,

Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :

For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145

As Dutch boors are to a footerkin,

Both parties join'd to do their best,  
 To damn their public interest;  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts; 150  
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,  
 And all their dialects of jubberers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155  
 Are both defeated in their aim;  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,  
 The public Bus'ness is undone, 160  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalist's perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown),  
 Th' united constanter, and fided  
 The more, the more their foes divided.  
 For tho' outnumber'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down; 170  
 Their duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
 For loyalty is still the same  
 Whether it win or lose the game;  
 True as the dial to the sun, 175  
 Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these Brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the devil,

Began once more to shew them play.  
And hopes, at least, to have a day; 180  
They rally'd in paradises of woods,  
And unfrequented solitudes;  
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
T' appoint new rising rendezvouses,  
And with a pertinacy unmatched, 185  
For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
No sooner was one blow diverted,  
But up another party started:  
And, as if nature too, in haste  
To furnish out supplies as fast, 190  
Before her time had turn'd destruction  
T' a new and num'rous production;  
No sooner those were overcome,  
But up rose others in their room,  
That, like the Christian faith, encreas'd 195  
The more, the more they were suppress'd:  
Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
Nor all the desperate events  
Of former try'd experiments, 200  
Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
Nor Death (with all his bones) affright  
From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
From staking life and fortune down 205  
'Gainst all together, for the crown;  
But kept the title of their cause  
From forfeiture, like claims in laws:  
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
Can ever settle on the nation; 210

Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loy'ly in possession;  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,      215  
 Did Oliver give up his reign;  
 And was believ'd, as well by saints,  
 As moral men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry;  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,      220  
 Who in a false erroneous dream  
 Mistook the new Jerusalem,  
 Profanely for the apocryphal  
 False heaven at the end o' the hall;  
 Whither it was decreed by Fate      225  
 The precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B' as orthodox a senator;  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation.      230

Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;  
 Who first laid by the Parliament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant;  
 And then sunk underneath the state,      235  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
 To see an empire all of kings,      240  
 Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government and law,

And free t' erect what spiritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins 245  
 Of John of Leyden's old out-goings;  
 Who for a weather-cock hung up,  
 Upon their mother church's top,  
 Was made a type, by Providence,  
 Of all their revelations since; 250  
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures:  
 For when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's nuddle:  
 But found their light and gifts more wide 255  
 From fadging than th' unsanctify'd;  
 While ev'ry individual brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest, and most crack'd,  
 Were found the busiest to transact; 260  
 For tho' most hands dispatch a pace,  
 And make light work (the proverb says;)  
 Yet many different intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects;  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
 As slowest insects have most legs.  
 Some were for setting up a king,  
 But all the rest for no such thing.  
 Unless King Jesus; others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough and Lambert; 270  
 Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,  
 For agitators, and the safety;  
 Some for the gospel, and massacres  
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,

<b>Canto II. H U D I B R A S.</b>	<b>289</b>
That swore to any human regence,	275
Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance ;	
Yea, tho' the ablest swearing faint,	
That vouch'd the bulls w' th' covenant :	
Others for pulling down th' high places	
Of synods and provincial classes,	280
That us'd to make such hostile inroads	
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods :	
Some for fulfilling prophecies,	
And th <sup>e</sup> extirpation of th' excise ;	
And some against th' Egyptian bondage	285
Of holy days, and paying poundage :	
Some for the cutting down of groves,	
And rectifying bakers loaves ;	
And some for finding out expedients	
Against the slav'ry of obedience ;	290
Some were for gospel-ministers,	
And some for red-coat seculars,	
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,	
And wield the one and th' other sword.	
Some were for carrying on the work	295
Against the Pope, and some the Turk :	
Some for engaging to suppress	
The camifado of serplices,	
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,	
And turn'd to the outward man the inward ;	
More proper for the cloudy night	301
Of Popery, than gospel-light.	
Others were for abolishing	
That tool of matrimony, a ring,	
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom	305
Is married only to a thumb ;	

(As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;)  
 The bride to nothing but her will,  
 That nulls the after marriage still. 310  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of linsley-woolsey in the nation;  
 And some against all idolizing  
 The cross in shop-books, or baptizing;  
 Others, to make all things recant 315  
 The Christian or firname of saint;  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce;  
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
 And bringing down the price of coals: 320  
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in;  
 To abrogate them root and branches:  
 While other were for eating haunches  
 Of warriors, and now and then 325  
 The flesh of kings and mighty men;  
 And some for breaking of their bones  
 With rods of ir'n by secret ones:  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers packs and bells; 330  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the wicked fore afear'd of.

The quacks of government (who sat  
 At th' unregarded helm of state,  
 And understood this wild confusion 335  
 Of fatal madness and delusion,  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)

Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
And save their windpipes from the law; 340

For one rencounter at the bar  
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war;  
And therefore met in consultation

To cant and quack upon the nation;  
Not for the sickly patient's sake, 343

Nor what to give, but what to take;  
To feel the pulses of their fees,  
More wise than fumbling arteries;  
Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
And from the grave recover-----gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician,  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
Than all the whores of Babylon;  
So politic, as if one eye 353

Upon the other were a spy,  
That to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink;  
And in his dark pragmatic way  
As busy as at child's play 360

H' had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in ev'ry one;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall;  
For by trepanning th' old to ruin, 363

He made his int'rest with the new one;  
Play'd true and faithful, tho' against  
His conscience, and was still advanc'd.  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
Transform'd to a feeble state camelion, 370



By giving aim to either side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of ev'ry state,  
 And at a change ne'er came too late :  
 Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,      375  
 As many ways as in a lath ;  
 By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new.  
 For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,      380  
 And pass'd upon a government,  
 He play'd his trick, and out he went :  
 But being out, and out of hopes  
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
 Would strive to raise himself upon      385  
 The public ruin, and his own.  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate feats he took in hand.  
 For when h' had got himself a name  
 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ;      390  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose :  
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook  
 For art and subtl'ty, his luck.  
 So right his judgment was cut fit,      395  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound,  
 At deeds of darkness under ground :  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd  
 By vermin impotent and blind.      400  
 By all these arts, and many more,  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,

Our state artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw.  
 For as old sinners have all points 405  
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints;  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons; 410  
 So guilty sinners in a state  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a show'r of rain,  
 He therefore wisely cast about 415  
 All ways he could t' insure his throat:  
 And hither came t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other riskers took;  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this Saint, there was another,  
 As busy and perverse a brother;  
 A haberdasher of small wares,  
 In politics and state affairs;  
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 425  
 And better gifted to rebel;  
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
 The Cause aloft upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
 But try'd another and went further; 430  
 So suddenly addicted still  
 To's only principle, his will,  
 That howsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
 Nor force of argument could move;

Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435  
Could render half a grain less stubborn.  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' opportunity t' harangue;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear delight to wrangle; 440  
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplus'd;  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight he bore, with greater ease;  
And with its everlasting clack, 445  
Set all mens ears upon the rack.  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to picquer,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in controversy, 450  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing;  
With volley's of eternal babble,  
And clamour more unanswerable.  
For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455  
Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults;  
And back'd their feeble want of sense,  
With greater heat and confidence. 460  
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.  
Yet when his profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated:  
For nothing but his interest 465  
Could lay his devil of contest:

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 T' espouse the Cause for bett'r or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul, and body worship'd it;     470  
 But when he found the fullen traps,  
 Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps;  
 The Trojan mare in foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jadish tricks;  
 Tho' squeamish in her outward woman,     475  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common;  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater:  
 And still the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer.     480  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay:  
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
 These two, with others, being met,     485  
 And close in consultation set;  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state,     490  
 Than with his own impatience  
 To give himself first audience,  
 After he had a while look'd wise,  
 At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
 Our last Outgoings brought about,     496  
 More than to see the characters  
 Of real jealousies and fears

Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead; 500  
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather,  
 Feel pangs and aches of state turns,  
 And revolutions in their corns;  
 And since our Workings-out are cross'd, 305  
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
 Was it to run away we meant,  
 When taking of the Covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the brothers,  
 Took oaths to run before all others; 510  
 But in their own sense only swore  
 To strive to run away before;  
 And now would prove, that words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both?  
 'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch, 515  
 Between a right and mongrel church,  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
 As 'twas made out to us the last  
 Expedient.----(I mean Marg'ret's fast) 520  
 When Providence had been suborn'd,  
 What answer was to be return'd.  
 Else why would tumults fright us now,  
 We have so many times gone through,  
 And understand as well to tame, 525  
 As, when they serve our turns t' inflame?  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530

But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us :  
 For all our scouring of religion  
 Began with tumult and sedition,  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion      339  
 Became strong motives to devotion ;  
 ( As carnal seamen, in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts and reform, )  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,      340  
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the city,  
 Made bills to pass the grand committee ;  
 When zeal with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,  
 And made the church, and state, and laws,      345  
 Submit t' old iron, and Cause.  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
 So might we better now agen,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 To use them rightly in our need ;      350  
 Tumults, by which the mutinous  
 Betray themselves instead of us ;  
 The hollow-hearted disaffected  
 And close malignants are detected ;  
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down      355  
 For pledges to secure their own ;  
 And freely sacrifice their ears  
 T' appease our jealousies and fears.  
 And yet for all these providences  
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses,      360  
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
 Our hands committed to our pockets,

And nothing but our tongues at large,  
To get the wretches a discharge.  
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565  
Who ere the blow, became mere dolts:  
Or fools befotted with their crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the hearts to stay,  
Nor wit enough to run away; 570  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together;  
No mean or trivial solaces,  
To partners in extreme distress;  
Who use to lessen their despairs, 575  
By parting them int' equal shares;  
As if the more they were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier;  
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
The more he took his turn among. 580  
But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit;  
Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course;  
Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
Our last and best defence, despair;  
Despair by which the gallant'st feats  
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,  
By bring'ng courageously outbrav'd; 590  
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
And poisons by themselves expell'd:  
And so they might be now agen,  
If we were, what we should be, men;

**Santo II. H U D I B R A S. 299**  
**And not so dully desperate, 595**  
**To side against ourselves with fate:**  
**As criminals condemn'd to suffer,**  
**Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.**  
**This comes of breaking covenants,**  
**And setting up exauns of saints, 600**  
**That fine, like aldermen, for grace,**  
**To be excus'd the efficace.**  
**For spiritual men are too transcendent,**  
**That mount their banks, for Independent,**  
**To hang like Mahomet in th' air, 605**  
**Or St Ignatius at his pray'r,**  
**By pure geometry, and hate**  
**Dependence upon church or state:**  
**Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,**  
**And since obedience is better 610**  
**(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,**  
**Presume the less on't will suffice;**  
**And scorn to have the moderat'st stints**  
**Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,**  
**Or any opinion, true or false, 615**  
**Declar'd as such, in doctrinals;**  
**But left at large to make their best on,**  
**Without b'ing call'd t' account or question:**  
**Interpret all the spleen reveals,**  
**As Whittington explain'd the bells; 620**  
**And bid themselves turn back again**  
**Lord-may'rs of new Jerusalem.**  
**But look so big and overgrown,**  
**They scorn their edifiers t' own,**  
**Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,**  
**Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions; 626**



Bestow'd their gifts upon a faint,  
 Like charity on those that want;  
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots      629  
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes:  
 For which they scorn and hate them, worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.  
 For who first breed them up to pray,  
 And teach, the house of Commons way?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,      633  
 But from our Calamy's and Cases?  
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?  
 Their dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield.      640  
 And had they not begun the war,  
 Th' had ne'er been fainted as they are.  
 For saints in peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate;  
 Their zeal-corrupts, like standingwater,      643  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege.  
 And tho' they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins,      650  
 That in a while grow out agen;  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And from the most refin'd of saints,  
 As nat'rally grow miscreants,  
 As barnacles turn solan geese      653  
 I' th' islands of the Orcades.  
 Their dispensation's but a ticket,  
 For their conforming to the wicked;

With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense,     660  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well:  
 And, if the world has any troth,     665  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the over-heated fots  
 In fevers still, like other goats;     670  
 For tho' the whore bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks:  
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer;  
 Still setting off their spiritual goods,     675  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.  
 For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches faints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of dependences;     680  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To raw-heads fierce, and bloody bones:  
 And not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked, and their morals.  
 The Gibellines, for want of Gnells,     685  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The brethren, and the men of sin;  
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's brotherhood;     690

Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Of zealous suff'ring for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause:  
 For though endur'd with resolution,      695  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious saints, and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of bretheren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men?      700  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greater elves?  
 When Bell's at union with the dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;  
 When savage bears agree with bears,      705  
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both?  
 Shall mastiffs by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold?      710  
 And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take?  
 But tho' no power of Heaven or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal;  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes,      715  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while!  
 At least until th' had a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage,      720  
 Without the danger of surprise  
 By both our common enemies.

This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understand their workings out;  
 And knew 'em both in soul and conscience, 765  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
 We, whom at first they set up under,  
 In revelation only of plunder, 770  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their-incroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform and undermine;  
 Took all our interests and commands 775  
 Perfidiously out of our hands;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd;  
 And made us serve as ministerial,  
 Like younger sons of father Belial, 780  
 And yet for all th' inhuman wrong  
 Th' had done us, and the Cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The Work still, as we had begun;  
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 785  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the cavaliers;  
 Nor put them to the charge of goals,  
 To find us pill'ries and cart-tails, 790  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,

And burnt our vessels, like a new 755  
Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true;  
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
Held for the Cause against all others,  
Disdaining equally to yield  
One syllable of what we held. 760  
And tho' we differ'd now and then  
'Bout outward things, and outward men;  
Our inward man, and constant frame  
Of spirit, still were near the same.  
And till they first began to cant, 765  
And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
We ne'er had call in any place,  
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace;  
But join'd our gifts perpetually  
Against the common enemy. 770  
Altho' 'twas our and their opinion,  
Each other's church was but a Rimmon:  
And yet for all this gospel-union,  
And outward shew of Church-communion,  
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares, 775  
Of ruling Church or state affairs;  
Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence.  
T' our own conditions of repentance;  
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown,  
We had so painfully preach'd down; 780  
And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,  
T' have calls to teach it up again;  
For 'twas but justice to restore  
The wrongs we had receiv'd before;  
And when 'twas held forth in our way, 785  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:

Who, for the right w' have done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way  
 Once more to come again in play. 790  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about;  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring in the king:  
 What would our actions not have done, 795  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
 At least in carrying on th' affair.  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 W' have done enough to have it thought; 800  
 And that's as good as if w' had done't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account:  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 The world is nat'rally averse 805  
 To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
 With greediness and gluttony;  
 And tho' it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong; 810  
 As women long when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome;  
 And, like the world, mens jobbernoles 815  
 Turn round about their ears, the poles;  
 And what they're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be controll'd,

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first access;,  
 If we but get again in pow'r,  
 Our work is easier than before;  
 And we more ready and expert 825  
 I' th' mystery to do our part.  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create, than make;  
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry't on : 830  
 Trepann'd the state, and fix'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own;  
 And if we did such fears at first,  
 What can we now we're better vers'd;  
 Who have a freer latitude 835  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our discipline;  
 To which it was sever'd long since,  
 We were ordain'd by providence: 840  
 When three Saints' ears, our protectors,  
 The Cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiply'd by six, express 845  
 The perfect number of the beast,  
 And provid that we must be the men  
 To bring this work about agen;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough reformation; 850

For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone;  
 What churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions      855  
 O'er brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of Heaven, and their warehouses;  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please,      860  
 That brooding ly in banker's hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands;  
 And daily increafe and multiply,  
 With doctrine, use, and usury:  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war,      865  
 All other heads of cattle are;)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions;  
 And share them, from blue ribands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the town;      870  
 From ladies hurried in calleches,  
 With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as mother Nab;  
 All guts and belly, like a crab.  
 Our party's great, and better ty'd      875  
 With oaths, and trade than any side:  
 Has one considerable improvement,  
 To double fortify the cov'nant:  
 I mean our covenants to purchase  
 Delinquents titles and the churches:      880  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land;



And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions.  
 Our best reserve for reformation, 885  
 When new outgoings give occasion :  
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,  
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert :  
 And when th' have pack'd a parliament,  
 Will once more try th' expedient : 890  
 Who can already muster friends,  
 To serve for members to our ends,  
 That represent no part o' th' nation,  
 But Fisher's-Folly congregation ;  
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895  
 And sit, like geese, to hatch our eggs :  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out sit,  
 Can order matters underhand,  
 To put all bus'ness to a stand : 900  
 Lay public bills aside for private,  
 And make 'em one another drive out :  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary ;  
 And make the nation represent 905  
 And serve for us in parliament ;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none ;  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy ;  
 Make lords and commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges ;

**Canto II. H U D I B R A S.** 309  
**And rather than compound the quarrel,** 915  
**Engage, to th' inevitable peril**  
**Of both their ruins; th' only scope**  
**And consolation of our hope :**  
**Who, tho' we do not play the game,**  
**Assist as much by giving aim.** 920  
**Can introduce our antient arts,**  
**For heads of factions t' act their parts;**  
**Know what a leading voice is worth,**  
**A seconding, a third, or fourth ;**  
**How much a casting voice comes to,** 925  
**That turns up trump of Ay or No ;**  
**And by adjusting all at th' end,**  
**Share every one his dividend.**  
**An art that so much study cost,**  
**And now's in danger to be lost,** 930  
**Unless our antient virtuosos,**  
**That found it out, get into th' houses.**  
**These are the courses that we took**  
**To carry things by hook or crook ;**  
**And practis'd down from forty-four,** 935  
**Until they turn'd us out of door ;**  
**Besides the herds of *beatefeus*,**  
**We set on work without the house ;**  
**When ev'ry knight and citizen**  
**Keeps legislative journeymen,** 940  
**To bring them in intelligence**  
**From all points of the rabble's sense ;**  
**And fill the lobbies of both Houses**  
**With politic important buzzes :**  
**Set up committees of cabals,** 945  
**To pack designs without the walls ;**

Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use.  
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
 And ev'ry one his part rehearse. 950  
 Make q's of answers, to waylay  
 What th' other party's like to say:  
 What repartees, and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections;  
 And who shall break the master-jest, 955  
 And what, and how, upon the rest:  
 Help pamphlets out, with false editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions;  
 And treason for a token send,  
 By letter to a country-friend; 960  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit;  
 Wit falser than a padder's face,  
 That all its owner does, betrays;  
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965  
 He's in his calling to be seen.  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 In spite of laws and proclamations: 970  
 For Chiarlatans can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a croud,  
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for't:  
 As long as confessors are sure 975  
 Of double pay for all th' endure;  
 And what they earn in persecution,  
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution.

Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
 In powd'ring tubs their richest trade; 980  
 And, while they keep their shops in prison,  
 Have found their prices strangely risen,  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christian blood w' have let;  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985  
 Our title to do so again:  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
 But pertinacious impudence.  
 Our constancy t' our principles,  
 In time will wear out all things else: 990  
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces,  
 With gallantry of pilgrims kisses;  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths:  
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung:  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the changelings liv'd, they dy'd:

Thus said, th' impatient states-monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer; 1000  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks, of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces,  
 After h' had minister'd a dose 1005  
 Of snuff-mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobbernoil,  
 He shook it, with a scornful look,  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke: 1010

In dressing a calf's head, altho'  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near;  
 For who did ever play his gambols,      1015  
 With such insufferable rambles;  
 To make the bringing in the KING,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing?  
 Which none could do, but those that swore  
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore :      1020  
 That to defend, was to invade,  
 And to assassinate, to aid :  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a doubt,)  
 No power is able to restore      1025  
 And bring him in, but on your score:  
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your uses.  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the vermine made;      1030  
 And weapons, dress'd with salves, restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before :  
 But whether Presbyterians have  
 So much good-nature as the salve,  
 Or virtue in them as the vermine,      1035  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And for th' eternal obligation  
 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation,      1040  
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward,

**Canto II.    H U D I B R A S.                    313**  
 For letting Rapine loose, and Murther,  
 To rage just so far, but no further;  
 And setting all the land on fire,                    1045  
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats of church and state;  
 And not b' allow'd the fittest men  
 To take the charge of both agen,                    1050  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying, gifted face;  
 Who when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead;  
 On those you painfully trepann'd,                    1055  
 And sprinkled in at second hand;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christiana blood, devoutly spilt;  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid b'ing damn'd; 1060  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at backgammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours, who did but ber;  
 (For he had drawn your ears before,                    1065  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us, at foul play;  
 And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
 And fancy only, on the by;                    1070  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles;  
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up, like alligators;

For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 Those were your motives to divide,  
 And scruple on the other side, 1080  
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse:  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again:  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085  
 Than maggots when they turn to flies:  
 And therefore all your lights and calls  
 Are but apocryphal, and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences; 1090  
 That to your own imperious wills  
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the New for precedent:  
 'T' amend its errors and defects, 1095  
 With murther, and rebellion-texts;  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon;  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth in use; 1100  
 As Mahomet, your chief, began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion;  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105  
 And gifted mortifying groans;

Had lights where better eyes were blind;  
As pigs are said to see the wind:  
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
And Knights-bridge with illumination: 1110  
Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
As bad at Bloody-Bones or Lunsford;  
While women great with child miscarry'd;  
For being to malignants marry'd:  
Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115  
Whose husbands were not for the Cause;  
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
Because they came not out to battle;  
Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes.  
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz; 1120  
And rather forfeit their indentures,  
Than not to espouse the Saints' adventures,  
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;  
Inchant the king's and church's lanes, 1125  
T' obey and follow their commands;  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marclay-hill had done of old.  
Could turn th' Cov'nant, and translate  
The gospel into spoons and plate; 1130  
Expound upon all merchants cashes,  
And open th' intricateſt places;  
Could catechize a money-box,  
And prove all pouches orthodox;  
Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135  
And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spite of all your charms,  
To conjure Legion up in arms;



And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out. 1140  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by these fools  
 Bred up, you say, in your own schools;  
 Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit:  
 By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145  
 And held forth out of all command:  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on:  
 Of all your dispensations worm'd,  
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd; 1150  
 Ejected out of church and state,  
 And all things but the people's hate;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places;  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;  
 And tho' most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd; 1160  
 And never humm'd and hau'd sedition,  
 Nor snuffled treason nor misprision:  
 That is, because you never durst;  
 For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble:  
 One single red-coat centinel  
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;  
 And with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops, with chapter rais'd, and verse:

We know too well those tricks of yours,     1172  
 To leave it ever in your pow'rs;  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of Out-goings :  
 Or to your ord'ring providence     1173  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.

For had you pow'r to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man;     1180  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out :  
 Brave undertakers to restore,     1183  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;  
 T' advance the int'rests of the crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both,     1190  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As grace is introduc'd by sin.  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying bus'ness in a huddle,     1193  
 That forc'd our rulers to new model;  
 Oblig'd the state to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;  
 To reformato, one and all,  
 T' your great Croysado general.     1200  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches pow'r,

That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net :  
 Your spite to see the church's lands 1205  
 Divided into other's hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under churches in the town ; 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor the Independent's spreading growths.  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 None bring him in so much as you ;  
 Who have prevail'd beyond the plots, 1215  
 The midnight junto's, and seal'd knots ;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And this way you may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh, and his brick-kilns, loose ;  
 And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From task-masters, and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225  
 In an indiff'rent man's conceit :  
 For who e'er heard of restoration,  
 Until your thorough reformation ?  
 That is, the king's and church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands ; 1230  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore.  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone ?

As by a world of hints appears,     1235

All plain and extant, as your ears.

But first o' th' first: The isle of Wight  
Will rise up, if you should deny't ;

Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,  
Were sent to cap texts, and put cases ;     1240

To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers :

As if th' unseasonable fools

Had been a-courting in the schools ;

Until th' had prov'd the Devil author     1245

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter.

For when they charg'd him with the guilt

Of all the blood that had been spilt ;

Th' did not mean he wrought th' effusion

In person like Sir Pride, or Hughson :     1250

But only those who first begun

The quarrel, were by him set on.

And who could those be but the Saints,

Those reformation-termagants ?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate     1255

Spent so much time, it grew too late ;

For Oliver had gotten ground,

T' inclose him with his warriors round :

Had brought his providence about,

And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.     1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less  
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness ;

When from a scoundrel holder-forth,

The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,

Your mighty senators took law,

At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,

And sacrifice the peace o'th' nation  
 To doctrine, use, and application:  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270  
 Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends;  
 You basely left them, and the church 1275  
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch.  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before, as true Philistines.  
 This shews what utensils y' have been,  
 To bring the king's concernments in : 1280  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you;  
 And if he take you into trust,  
 Will find you most exactly just;  
 Such as will punctually repay 1285  
 With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think these pantomimes,  
 Who vary actions with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art,  
 Than those who dully act one part ; 1290  
 Or those who turn from side to side,  
 More guilty than the wind and tide.  
 All countries are a wise man's home,  
 And so are governments to some,  
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues :  
 While others in old faiths and troths,  
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd cloaths;

**Canto II. H U D I B R A S. 321**

And nastier in an old opinion,  
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes:  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.  
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense  
To use the necessary means; 1310  
And not your usual stratagems  
On one another, lights and dreams;  
To stand on terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give:  
Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315  
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
And dream of pulling churches down,  
Before w' are sure to prop our own:  
Your constant method of proceeding,  
Without the carnal means of breeding: 1320  
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
Are worse than if y' had none accounted.

I grant, all courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again;  
The only way that's left us now, 1325  
But all the difficulty's, how?  
'Tis true, w' have money, the only pow'r  
That all mankind falls down before:  
Money, that, like the sword of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things:

And therefore need not doubt our play  
 Has all advantages that way :  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well;  
 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice, 1535  
 One church and state will not suffice,  
 T' expose to sale, beside the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after ages.  
 Nor is our money less our own,  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down ; 1540  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
 If we are brought in play upon't :  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?  
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1545  
 In peace and war, and something more ;  
 And by th' unfortunate events,  
 Can mend our next experiments :  
 For when we are taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wisest choust ? 1550  
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
 And not their secret springs and weights :  
 And while they're busy at their ease,  
 Can carry what designs we please :  
 How easy is 't to serve for agents, 1555  
 To prosecute our old engagements ?  
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,  
 And present pow'r from taking root ;  
 Inflame them both with false alarms  
 Of plots, and parties taking arms ; 1560  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
 From healing up of side to side ;

Profess the passionat'st concerns,  
 For both their interests by turns.  
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365  
 By dealing faithfully with none;  
 (As bowls run true, by being made  
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd:  
 For if we should be true to either  
 'Twould turn us out of both together; 1370  
 And therefore have no other means  
 To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our antient party  
 In vigour, confident and hearty;  
 To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375  
 Our brethren, tho' by other venters;  
 Unite them, and their diff'rent maggots,  
 As long and short sticks are in faggots:  
 And make them join again as close,  
 As when they first began t' espouse; 1380  
 Erect them into separate  
 New Jewish tribes, in church and state;  
 To join in marriage and commerce,  
 And only 'mong themselves converse,  
 And all that are not of their mind, 1385  
 Make enemies to all mankind;  
 Take all religions in, and stickle  
 From conclave down to conventicle:  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
 According to the light in being. 1390  
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spiritual misrule in one sense:  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As dispensations chance to vary:



And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395

All contradictions of the spirit:

Protect their emissaries, impow'r'd

To preach sedition and the word:

And when they're hamper'd by the laws,

Release the lab'ers for the Cause; 1400

And turn the persecution back

On those that made the first attack,

To keep them equally in awe,

From breaking or maintaining law;

And when they have their fits too soon, 1405

Before the full tides of the moon;

Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,

For sowing faction in, and treason;

And keep them hooded, and their churches,

Like hawks from baiting on their perches: 1410

That when the blessed time shall come

Of quitting Babylon and Rome,

They may be ready to restore

Their own fifth monarchy once more.

Mean while be better arm'd to fence 1415

Against revolts of Providence,

By watching narrowly, and snapping

All blind sides of it, as they happen:

For if success could make us saints,

Our ruin turn'd us miscreants: 1420

A scandal that would fall too hard

Upon a few, and unprepar'd,

These are the courses we must run,

'Spite of our hearts, or be undone:

And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425

Before we have secur'd our necks;

But do our work, as out of fight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night :  
 All licence of the people own,  
 In opposition to the crown ;      1430  
 And for the crown as fiercely side,  
 The head and body to divide ;  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind :  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine,      1435  
 On all emergencies that happen ;  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority, as men in want ;  
 As some of us, in trusts, have made  
 The one hand with the other trade ;      1440  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as fly, retail'd.  
 For gain has wonderful effects      1445  
 T' improve the factory of sects ;  
 The rule of faith in all professions,  
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;  
 Whence turning of religion's made  
 The means to turn and wind a trade.      1450  
 And tho' some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course ;  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce :  
 For all religions flock together,      1455  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;  
 To nab the itches of their sects,  
 As jades do one another's necks.

Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well  
Will serve t' improve a Church as zeal :      1460

• As execution or promotion,  
Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go  
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow;  
For things in order are put out      1465  
So easy, ease itself will do't;  
But when the fate's desigu'd and meant,  
What miracle can bar th' event?  
For 'tis more easy to betray,  
Than ruin any other way.      1470

All possible occasions start,  
The weightiest matters to divert;  
Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,  
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.  
But in affairs of less import,      1475  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;  
And seem as scrupulously just,  
To bait our hooks for greater trust;      1480  
But still be careful to cry down  
All public actions, tho' our own;  
The least miscarriage aggravate,  
And charge it all upon the state;  
Express the horrid'st detestation,      1485  
And pity the distracted nation.  
Tell stories scandalous and false,  
I' th' proper language of cabals,  
Where all a subtle statesman says,  
Is half in words, and half in face;      1490

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues,  
Of heads and shoulders, nods, and shruggs :)  
Intrust it under solemn vows  
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495  
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman---When a shout,  
Heard at a distance, put him out;  
And straight another all aghast,  
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste; 1500  
Who star'd about as pale as death,  
And, for a while, as out of breath;  
Till having gather'd up his wits,  
He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble that came down 1505  
From all the garrets---in the town,  
And stalls, and shop-boards,---in vast swarms,  
With new-chalk'd bills---and rusty arms,  
To cry the Cause---up, heretofore,  
And bawl the Bishops---out of door; 1510  
Are now drawn up---in greater shoals,  
To roast---and broil us on the coals,  
And all the grandees---of our members  
Are carbonading---on the embers;  
Knights, citizens, and burgessees--- 1515  
Held forth by rumps---of pigs and geese,  
That serve for characters---and badges  
To represent their personages;  
Each bonfire is a fun'ral pile,  
In which they roast---and scorch, and broil,  
And ev'ry representative 1520  
Have vow'd to roast---and broil alive :

And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate.  
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,      1525  
 W' are grill'd all at Temple-Bar;  
 Some on the sign-post of an ale-house  
 Hang, in effigie, on the gallows.  
 Made up of rags, to personate  
 Respective officers of state;      1530  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed,  
 And while the Work was carrying on,  
 Be ready list'd under Dun;  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,      1535  
 And tinder-box of all his fellows;  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a fifth 'agen;      1540  
 (For since the state has made a quint  
 Of generals, he's list'd in't;)  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie, his own way:  
 For, moulded to the life in clouts,      1545  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin,  
 A cropt malignant baker gave him:  
 And to the largest bonefire riding,  
 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in.  
 On whom, in equipage and state,      1550  
 His scare-crow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do;

Each in a tatter'd talisman,      1555  
Like vermine in effigie slain.

But what's more dreadful than the rest,  
These rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,  
Set up by Popish engineers,  
As by the crackers plainly appears ;      1560  
For none but Jesuits have a mission  
To preach the faith with ammunition,  
And propagate the church with powder ;  
Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
These spiritual pioneers o' th' whores,      1565  
That have the charge of all her stores,  
Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
To take in Heav'n by springing mines,  
And with unanswerable barrels  
Of gun-powder, dispute their quarrels ;      1570  
Now take a course more practicable,  
By laying trains to fire the rabble.  
And blow us up in th' open streets,  
Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;  
More like to ruin and confound,      1575  
Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
For symbols of state-mysteries ;  
Tho' some suppose 'twas but to shew  
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few ;  
Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,      1580  
Are represented best by rumps.  
But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
In all their politic far-fetches ;  
And from their coptic priest, Kircherus,      1585  
Found out this mystic way to jeer us.

For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
 T' express their antique Ptolemies ;  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held for authority and power : 1590

Because these subtle animals  
 Bear all their interest in their tails ;  
 And when they're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well order'd state ;  
 They thought all governments were best 1595  
 By hieroglyphic rumps express.

For as in bodies natural,  
 The rump's the fundament of all ;  
 So, in a commonwealth, or realm,  
 The government is call'd the *belm* ; 1600  
 With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail,  
 The tail which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with, thro' sea and air :  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in nature jump.  
 For as a fly that goes to bed,  
 Rests with his tail above his head ; 1610  
 So, in this mungrel state of ours,  
 The rabble are the supreme pow'rs,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615  
 Write there's a bone, which they call *luez*,  
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
 No force in nature can do hurt to ;

And therefore, at the last great day,  
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
Spring out of this, as from a seed

All sorts of vegetals proceed ;  
From whence the learned sons of art  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part.

Then what can better represent, 1625  
Than this rump-bone, the Parliament,  
That, after sev'ral rude ejections,  
And as prodigious resurrections,  
With new reversions of nine lives,  
Starts up, and like a cat, revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,  
And th' house, as well as members, fir'd :

Consum'd in kennels by the rout,  
With which they other fires put out ;  
Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635  
And paltry, private wretchedness ;  
Worse than the devil, to privation,  
Beyond all hopes of restoration ;  
And parted like the body and soul,  
From all dominion and controul. 1640

We, who could lately with a look  
Enact, establish, or revoke ;  
Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;  
Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645  
All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;  
Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
Down to the footman and valet :  
Had more bent knees than chapel mats,  
And prayers, than the crowns of hats ;



Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
 For ruin's just as low as high;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall;  
 For some of us have scores more large 1655  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay all down at last; 1660  
 And to be but undone, entail  
 Their vessels on perpetual jail;  
 And bless the dev'l to 'make them farms  
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.  
 This said, a near and louder shout 1665  
 Put all th' assembly to the rout:  
 Who now began t' outran their fear,  
 As horses do from those they bear;  
 But crowded on with so much haste,  
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,  
 And with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
 Than have them grill'd on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs  
 Of one another on their backs:  
 The vanguard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear; 1680  
 But, born down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot;

**Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,  
As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble :  
And fear, that keeps all feeling out,                    1685  
As lesser pains are by the gout,  
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply  
Of rally'd force, enough to fly,  
And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.                    1690**

### C A N T O III.

#### T H E A R G U M E N T.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight  
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night :  
He plods to turn his am'rous suit  
T' a plea in law, and prosecute ;  
Repairs to counsel to advise  
'Bout managing the enterprise ;  
But first resolves to try by letter,  
And one more fair address to get her.

**W**H O would believe what strange bugbears  
Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
Equivocally, without seed,  
And have no possible foundation, 5  
But merely in th' imagination !  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all her imps and teats ;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
Than all their nurseries of elves. 10  
For Fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which :  
Sets up communities of senses,  
To chop and change intelligences ;  
As Rosicrucian virtuosos 15  
See with ears, and hear with noses ;

And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;  
 That makes them in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions; 20  
 And when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best:  
 Do things, not contrary alone,  
 To th' course of nature, but its own;  
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
 And turn poltroons as valiant;  
 For men as resolute appear,  
 With too much as too little fear;  
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from death by dying; 30  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies left perdue,  
 And haunted with detachments, sent 35  
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat;  
 When nothing but himself, and fear,  
 Was both the imp and conjurer; 40  
 As, by th' rules o' th' virtuosi,  
 It follows in due form of poetry.

Disguis'd in all the mask of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,  
 At blind-man's buff, to grope his way. 45  
 In equal fear of night and day;  
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse;

And by an unknown devil led,  
 (He knew as little whither) fled. 50  
 He never was in greater need,  
 Nor less capacity of speed;  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away his best;  
 To keep the enemy, and fear, 55  
 From equal falling on his rear.  
 And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side:  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse; 60  
 And when the hackney fails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift;)  
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste:  
 For fear, tho' swifter than the wind, 65  
 Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear;  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 That came so timely to his aid, 70  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.  
 For Ralpho had no sooner told 75  
 The lady all he had t' unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th' approaching Knight;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T' accommodate his beast and-person, 80

And put his beard into a posture  
 At best advantage to accost her ;  
 She order'd th' antimasquerade  
 (For his reception) aforefaid :  
 But when the ceremony was done, 85  
 The lights put out, and Furies gone ;  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd ;  
 The wretched caitiff all alone  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90  
 And tell his story to himself ;  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf :  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man ;  
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part,  
 With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes ; 100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art ? my Squire, or that bold spright  
 That took his place and shape to-night ?  
 Some busy Independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his synagogue ?  
 Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose ;  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,  
 Who has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,  
 And from th' incantments of a widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have free

And, tho' a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe where now you are ;  
 Which you would gratefully repay,      115  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.      ger:

That's stranger, quoth the Knight, and stran-  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 Pursu'd and took me prisoner ;      120  
 And knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out.

Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did.  
 And tho' they lay to him the pageant,      125  
 I did not see him, nor his agent ;  
 Who play'd their forceries out of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.

But didst thou see no devils then ?  
 Not one, quoth he, but carnal men,      130  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel ;  
 That laugh'd and tee-hee'd with derision,  
 To see them take your deposition.

What then, quoth Hudibras, was he      135  
 That play'd the devil t' examine me ?  
 A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown :  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it :      140  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats :  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,

**Canto IH. H U D I B R A S. 339**

More plainly than the rev'rend writer, 145  
That to our churches veil'd his mitre.  
All which they took is black and white,  
And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
And none but thou and I alone, 150  
To act the devil, and forbear  
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,  
To be by me prevail'd upon, 155  
With any motives of my own:  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The devil a while, to nick your wit:  
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,  
That only can prevail upon ye: 160  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find  
Th' had left th' enemy behind,  
And saw no further harm remain, 165  
But feeble weariness and pain:  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;  
And by declining of the road,  
They had, by chance their rear made good; 170  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That's parting's wont to rent and tear,  
And gave the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind his back.  
For having paus'd to recollect, 175  
And on his past success reflect,



T' examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how he came to fly,  
 And when no devil had appear'd,  
 What else, it cou'd be said, he fear'd;      180  
 It put him in so fierce a rage,  
 He once resolv'd to re-engage;  
 Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice      185  
 That made me from this leaguer rise;  
 And when I'd half reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base.  
 Was better cover'd by the new  
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew :      190  
 To slight my new acquests, and run  
 Victoriously from battles won:  
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost;  
 To make me put myself to flight,      195  
 And conqu'ring, run away by night;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do :  
 To mount me in the dark by force,  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,      200  
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage;  
 Left, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew :  
 And, to preserve thy outward man,      205  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this, quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you.

**Canto III. H U D I B R A S. 342**

You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210  
To mount two-wheel'd carroches, worse  
Than managing a wooden horse:  
Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,  
Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers.  
Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215  
Had had no reason to complain;  
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
From unavoidable batons. 220  
The enemy was reinforc'd,  
And we disabled and unhors'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
And no way left but hasty flight,  
Which, tho' twas desp'rate in the attempt, 225  
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were your bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition,  
'Tis unseasonable and vain,  
To think of falling on again: 230  
No martial project to surprise,  
Can ever be attempted twice;  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing cards:  
Besides, our bangs of man and beast 235  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally and prove serviceable;  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
This stratagem, t' amuse our foes, 240

To make an honourable retreat,  
 And wave a total sure defeat;  
 For those that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.  
 Hence timely running's no mean part 245  
 Of conduct in the martial art:  
 By which some glorious feats atchieve,  
 As citizens, by breaking, thrive;  
 And cannons conquer armies, while  
 They seem to draw off and recoil. 250  
 'Tis held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
 To great exploits, as well as safest,  
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
 And dang'rous beating out of brains;  
 And in the end prevails as certain 255  
 As those that never trust to fortune;  
 To make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution:  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260  
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men,  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one would save but one?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265  
 Where all resolve to save the most?  
 By this means, when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done:  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory; 270  
 And sometime, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all:

Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in gazettes:  
 And when, for furious haste to run,      275  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome:  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame,      280  
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fireworks, and with bells;  
 And tho' reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;  
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,      285  
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie;  
 And for their beating giving thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly;      290  
 And when the fight becomes a chace,  
 Those win the day, that win the race;  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feats with easy flights,  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign      295  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy-wine and aqua vitæ;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With bacrack, hoccamore, and mum;      300  
 Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate  
 To victory necessitate;  
 With which, altho' they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return;



**Canto III. H U D I B R A S. 343**

And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear;  
And forc'd with terrible resistance,  
To keep hereafter at a distance, 340  
To pick out ground t' encamp upon  
Where store of largest rivers run,  
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
To part th' engagements of their warriors;  
Where both from side to side may skip 345  
And only encounter at bo-peep:  
For men are found the flouter-hearted.  
The certainer they're to be parted;  
And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs; 350  
And made their mortal enemy,  
The water-rat, their strict ally.  
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold?  
But, who bears hunger best, and cold?  
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355  
Who longest can hold out at starving:  
And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man at prowess.  
So th' Emperor Caligula,  
That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;  
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles:  
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365  
To charge whole regiments of scallops:  
Not like their antient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal carr;

But when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely ate his captives up,      370  
 And left all war, by his example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

    Qyoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse,      375  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;  
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her,  
 Tho' some have done it in romances,  
 And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;      380  
 As those who win the Amazones,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,  
 By courting of her back and side.  
 But since those times and feats are over,      385  
 They are not for a modern lover;  
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
 By such addresses to be gain'd;  
 And if they were, would have it out,  
 With many other kind of bout.      390  
 Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,  
 As this of force to win the Jezebel;  
 To storm her heart by th' antic charms  
 Of ladies-errant, force of arms;  
 But rather strive by law to win her,      395  
 And try the title you have in her.  
 Your case is clear, you have her word,  
 And me to witness the accord;  
 Besides two more of her retinue  
 To testify what pass'd between you;      400

More probable, and like to hold,  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;  
 For which so many, that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,  
 And bills upon record been found,      405  
 That forc'd the ladies to compound;  
 And that, unless I miss the matter,  
 Is all the bus'ness you look after:  
 Besides, encounters at the bar  
 Are braver now than those in war,      410  
 In which the law does execution  
 With less disorder and confusion;  
 Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
 Not like the new way, but the old;  
 When those the pen had drawn together,      415  
 Decided quarrels with the feather,  
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
 Nay, more than bullets now of lead:  
 So all the combats now, as then,  
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen;      420  
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
 In words at length, as well as figures;  
 Is judge of all the world performs  
 In voluntary feats of arms;  
 And whatsoe'er's atchiev'd in fight,      425  
 Determines which is wrong or right:  
 For whether you prevail or lose,  
 All must be try'd there in the close;  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
 What you must trust to, ere y' have done.      430

The law, that settles all you do,  
 And marries where you did but woo;



That makes the most perfidious lover  
 A lady, that's as false, recover :  
 And if it judge upon your side,      435  
 Will soon extend her for your bride ;  
 And put her person, goods, or lands,  
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,  
 And manag'd by the ablest sages ;      440  
 Who, tho' their bus'ness at the bar  
 Be but a kind of civil war,  
 In which th' engage with fiercer 'dudgeons,  
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans ;  
 They never manage the contest      445  
 T' impair their public interest ;  
 Or by their controversies lessen  
 The dignity of their profession :  
 Not like us brethren, who divide  
 Our commonwealth, the cause, and side :      450  
 And tho' w' are all as near of kindred  
 As th' outward man is to the inward,  
 W' agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
 About the slightest fingle-fangle ;  
 While lawyers have more sober sense,      455  
 Than t' argue at their own expence,  
 But make their best advantages  
 Of others quarrels, like the Swiss :  
 And out of foreign controversies,  
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses ;      460  
 But have no int'rest in the cause  
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
 Nor further prospect than their pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the day.

**Canto III. H U D I B R A S.** 349  
 And though th' abounded in all ages, 465  
 With sundry learned clerks and sages;  
 Though all their business be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit;  
 Th' have no disputes about their art,  
 Nor in polemics controvert: 470  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound:  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians;  
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475  
 Condemn the way each other deals in:  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;  
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleep they talk of schemes; 480  
 And heralds stickle who got who  
 So many hundred years ago.  
 But lawyers are too wise a nation,  
 T' expose their trade to disputation;  
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges:  
 In which whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession's sure to pay.  
 Besides, no mountebanks, no cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats; 490  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm like insects, and increase.  
 For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
 An answer to a declaration?

For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools.  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills, and answers, and replies; 500  
 They'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall break her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts, 506  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own,  
 (All plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking, when they take a purse,) 510  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice.  
 But keep it from him by disguise;  
 And after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And by transition fall upon 515  
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambel thou advisest,  
 Is of all other the unwifest;  
 For if I think by law to gain her,  
 There's nothing fillier nor vainer: 520  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing's certain but th' expence;  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours:  
 And if she should, which Heav'n forbid, 525  
 O'erthrow me as the fiddler did;  
 What after course have I to take,  
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake?

He that with injury is griev'd.  
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530  
 Is sillier than a sottish chowfe,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
 Applies himself to cunning men,  
 To help him to his goods agen;  
 When all he can expect to gain, 535  
 Is but to squander more in vain.  
 And yet I have no other way,  
 But is as difficult to play.  
 For to reduce her by main force,  
 Is now in vain; by fair means, worse: 540  
 But worst of all to give her over,  
 Till she's as desp'rate to recover.  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until they're never to be won.  
 But since I have no other course 545  
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse;  
 He that complies against his will,  
 Is of his own opinion still;  
 Which he m' adhere to, yet disown,  
 For reasons to himself best known; 550  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue;  
 Whom I must answer, or begin  
 Inevitably first with him.  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
 By times, enough of his intent;  
 And knowing, he that first complains,  
 Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains:  
 For courts of justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560

Who what he pleases may aver,  
The other nothing till he swear;  
Is freely admitted to all grace,  
And lawful favour by his place;  
And for his bringing custom in,      565  
Has all advantages to win.

I, who resolve to oversee  
No lucky opportunity,  
Will go to counsel to advise  
Which way t' encounter or surprise,      570  
And after long consideration,  
Have found out one to fit th' occasion;  
Most apt for what I have to do;  
As counsellor and justice too.  
And truly so, no doubt he was,      575  
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock  
For many years at Bridewell-dock,  
At Westminster and Hicks's hall,  
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;      580  
Where in all governments and times,  
N' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
And us'd to equal ways of gaining,  
By hindering justice or maintaining:  
To many a whore gave privilege.      585  
And whipp'd for want of quarteridge;  
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;  
And many a trusty pimp and croney  
To Puddle-dock for want of money:      590  
Engag'd the constable to seize  
All those that would not break the peace;

Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Tho' sometimes commoners or lords,  
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 395

For being sober at ill hours,  
 That in the morning he might free,  
 Or bind them over for his fee :

Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
 For leave to practice in their ways ; 600

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;  
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground ;

The kennel, and the king's highway, 605  
 For being unmolested, pay ;

Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most :

Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandelers ; 610

Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;

But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly offend :

As residentiary bawds, 615  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;

That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church-duties, and his fees :

But was implacable and aukward,  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the knight repairs,  
 For counsel in his law-affairs ;  
 And found him mounted in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd for shew,

Like nest-eggs to make clients lay, 628

And for his false opinion pay:

To whom the knight with comely grace,

Put off his hat, to put his case:

Which he as proudly entertain'd

As the other courteously strain'd: 630

And, to assure him 'twas not that

He look'd for, bid him put on's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,

Whom I have cudgell'd.----Very well.

And now he brags t' have beaten me.---- 635

Better and better still, quoth he.

And vows to stick me to a wall,

Where e'er he meets me,----Best of all.

'Tis true the knave has taken's oath

That I robb'd him.---Well done, in troth. 640

When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,

And pick'd my fob, and what he took;

Which was the cause that made me bang him,

And take my goods again.---Mary, hang him,

Now whether I should beforehand 645

Swear he robb'd me.----I understand.

Or bring my action of conversion

And trover for my goods.----Ah! whorefon.

Or if 'tis better to indite,

And bring him to his trial.----Right. 650

Prevent what he designs to do,

And swear for th' state against him.---True.

Or whether he that is defendant,

In this case has the better end on't;

Who putting in a new-cross-bill, 655

May traverse th' action.---Better still.

Then there's a lady too.----Ay, marry.

That's easily prov'd acceffary ;

A widow, who, by solemn vows

Contracted to me, for my spouse,

**660**

Combin'd with him to break her word,

And has abetted all.---Good Lord !

Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel,

To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;

Who put me int' a horrid fear,

**665**

Fear of my life.---Make that appear.

Made an assault with fiends and men

Upon my body.----Good agen.

And kept me in a deadly fright,

And false imprisonment, all night ;

Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle.---. Worse and worse.

And made me mount upon the bare ridge,

T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,

**675**

You have as good and fair a battery

As heart can with, and need not shame

The proudest man alive to claim.

For if they've us'd you as you say,

Marry, quoth I, God give you joy :

**680**

I would it were my case, I'd give

More than I'll say, or you'll believe :

I would so trounce her, and her purse,

I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;

For matrimony and hanging here,

**685**

Both go by destiny so clear,

That you as sure may pick and chuse,

As cross I win, and pile you lose :



And if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance,      690  
 As upon any case I've known,  
 But we that practise dare not own.  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking bus'ness off mens' hands;  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears      695  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather,  
 To stick a pin in, left of either;  
 For which some do the summer-fault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault,      700  
 But you may swear at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state:  
 For in all courts of justice here  
 A witness is not said to swear,  
 But make oath; that is, in plain terms,      705  
 To forge whatever he affirms.

(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat)---  
 For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,  
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,      710  
 Like charity; else right and wrong  
 Could never hold it out so long,  
 And, like blind fortune, with a slight,  
 Convey men's interest and right,  
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's      715  
 As easily as Hocus Pocus:  
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
 And clear again, like Hiccius Doccius.  
 Then whether you would take her life;  
 Or but recover her for your wife;      720

Or be content with what she has,  
 And let all matters pass,  
 The bus'ness to the law's all one,  
 The proof is all it looks upon;  
 And you can want no witnesses 723  
 To swear to any thing you please,  
 That hardly get their mere expences  
 By th' labour of their consciences;  
 Or letting out to hire their ears  
 To affidavit-customers, 730  
 At inconsiderable values,  
 To serve for jury-men, or tallies,  
 Altho' retain'd in the hardest matters,  
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone; 735  
 W' have store of such, and all our own;  
 Bred up, and tutor'd by our teachers,  
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he: but I should guess,  
 By weighing all advantages, 740  
 Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On Bongey, for a water-witch;  
 And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,  
 Y' have time enough to deal with her,  
 I' th' int'rim, spare for no trepans 745  
 To draw her neck into the bans;  
 Ply her with love-letters, and billets,  
 And bait them well, for quirks and quilllets,  
 With trains to inveigle, and surprise  
 Her heedless answers and replies: 750  
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They'll serve for other by-designs;  
 And make an artist understand  
 To copy out her seal and hand;

Or find void places in the paper      755  
 To steal is something to intrap her :  
 Till with her worldly goods and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply, i' th' Temples, under trees ;      760  
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
 About the cross-legg'd Knights, their hosts ;  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincola's-inn ;  
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,      765  
 And affidavit-men ne'er fail  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and cloaths,  
 Their only necessary tools,  
 Besides the gospel, and their souls.      770  
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys,  
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,  
 A straw to understand a case,  
 Without the admirable skill      775  
 To wind and manage it at will ;  
 To vere, and tack, and steer a cause,  
 Against the weather-gage of laws ;  
 And ring the changes upon cases,  
 As plain as noses upon faces,      780  
 As you have well instructed me,  
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee ;  
 I long to practise your advice,  
 And try the subtil artifice,  
 To bait a letter as you bid ;      785  
 As not long after thus he did :  
 For having pump'd up all his wit,  
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL  
E P I S T L E  
O F  
H U D I B R A S  
T O H I S  
L A D Y.

**I** WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle;  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fallen from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes; 10  
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment;  
Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.  
Yet if you were not so severe 15  
To pass your doom, before you hear,  
You'll find, upon my just defence,  
How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.

# 360 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

That once I made a vow to you,  
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true; 20  
 But not because it is unpaid,  
 'Tis violated, tho' delay'd :  
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
 So heinous as you'd have it thought;  
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
 For there's a difference in the case,  
 Between the noble and the base;  
 Who always are observ'd t' have done't  
 Upon as different account ; 30  
 The one for great and weighty cause,  
 To save, in honour, ugly flaws;  
 For none are like to do it sooner  
 Than those who're nicest of their honour :  
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35  
 Forswear and perjure by the day;  
 And make th' exposing and retailing  
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.  
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
 Upon a great and noble person, 40  
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd  
 Th' old-fashion'd trick, To keep his word;  
 Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
 In meaner men to do the same :  
 For to be able to forget, 45  
 Is found more useful, to the great,  
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.  
 But tho' the law, on perjurers,  
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears; 50

It is not just that does exempt  
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent:  
 To make the ears repair the wrong  
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;  
 And when one member is forsworn, 55  
 Another to be cropt or torn,  
 And if you should, as you design,  
 By course of law, recover mine,  
 You're like, if you consider right,  
 To gain but little honour by't; 60  
 For he that for his lady's sake  
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,  
 Does not so much deserve her favour,  
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
 This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
 Altho' you now disdain to own;  
 But sentence what you rather ought  
 To esteem good service, than a fault.  
 " Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
 " That lit'ral sense the words infer; 70  
 " But, by the practice of the age,  
 " Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.  
 " And where the sense by custom's check'd,  
 " Are found void, and of none effect.  
 " For no man takes or keeps a vow, 75  
 " But just as he sees others do;  
 " Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
 " As not to yield and bow a little;  
 " For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
 " Before they break, to bend quite round; 80  
 " So truest oaths are still most tough,  
 " And tho' they bow, are breaking proof."

361 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
In love a greater latitude?

For as the law of arms approves 85

All ways to conquest, so should love's;

And not be ty'd to true or false,

But make that justest that prevails;

For how can that which is above

All empire, high and mighty Love, 90

Submit its great prerogative

To any other pow'r alive?

Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,

Become the subject of a case;

The fundamental law of nature 95

Be over-ru'd by those made after?

Commit the censure of its cause

To any, but its own great laws?

Love, that's the world's preservative,

That keeps all souls of things alive; 100

Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,

And gives mankind a longer date;

The life of nature, that restores,

As fast as time and death devours;

To whose free gift the world does owe, 105

Not only earth, but heaven too:

For love's the only trade that's driv'n,

The interest of state in heaven,

Which nothing but the soul of man

Is capable to entertain. 110

For what can earth produce, but love,

To represent the joys above?

Or who, but lovers, can converse,

Like angels, by the eye-discourse?

# HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 363

Address and compliment by vision, 115  
 Make love, and court by intuition?  
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 In order to so great an end? 120  
 Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake.  
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love, or hate, 130  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Not pity to be wrought upon;  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on criminals as strict.  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative:  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem,  
 To grant a pardon than condemn.  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault; 140  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And meet with nothing in return,  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
 And bravely carry his design?



# 364 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder;  
 And after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard;  
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard: 160  
 When horses, being spur'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites;  
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165  
 And nursing babies, that lie in;  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye:  
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
 To draw us into ambushes:  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner;

So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrowed flags of white and red; 180  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers' less subtle books:  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard:  
 Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain; 190  
 And only draw 'em in, to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue:

A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave;  
 And whatsoever she commands, 195  
 Becomes a favour from her hands;  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust, or just.  
 Then when he is compell'd by her,  
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command!  
 And when Necessity's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:  
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205  
 Of love, our great ally, and yours,  
 Join'd forces not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood;  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will, 210

And all the blame that can be due,  
Falls to your cruelty and you.

Nor are those scandals I confess'd,  
Against my will and interest,  
More than is daily done of course, 225  
By all men, when they're under force :  
Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
What th' hangmen and their prompters please ;  
But are no sooner out of pain,  
Than they deny it all again. 230

But when the devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
To hear, or pardon, like the founder:  
Of liars, whom they all claim under.  
And therefore, when I told him none, 235  
I think it was the wiser done.  
Nor am I without precedent,  
The first that on th' adventure went :  
All mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does the same, or worse. 240  
For what romance can shew a lover,  
That had a lady to recover,  
And did not steer a nearer course,  
To fall aboard in his amours ?  
And what at first was held a crime, 245  
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,  
By ravishing of women, come !  
When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd : 250  
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor in the mind they were in, dy'd ;

# HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 367

Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
 Nor ply'd the masquerade to woo:  
 Disdain'd to stay for friend's consents, 243  
 Nor juggled about settlements:

Did need no licence, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist;  
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250

Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death them parts:  
 Nor would endure to stay until

Th' had got the very bride's good-will,  
 But took a wife and shorter course 255

To win the ladies, downright force;  
 And justly made 'em pris'ners then,

As they have often since, us men;  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,

The luckiest of all love's intrigues. 260  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,

Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
 For after matrimony's over,

He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265

Than half a year of love before;  
 For which the dames, in contemplation

Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,

By suit, or treaty, to be won; 270  
 And such as all posterity

Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them.----It follows, then,

368 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

That men have right to ev'ry one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own:  
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,  
 But they no charter to refuse;  
 Hence 'tis apparent, that what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Tho' by the indirectest way,  
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play;  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse;  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should ev'ry savage beast  
 Exceed his great lord's interest?  
 Have freer pow'r than he, in grace,  
 And nature, o'er the creature has? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made,  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That nature gave him over women;  
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295  
 One law of nature to suspend:  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to rebel.  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they would make good; 300  
 And not, like fots, permit their wives  
 T' incroach on their prerogatives;  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:  
 And this some precious gifted teachers, 305  
 Unrev'rently reputed leachers,

# HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY. 369

And disobey'd in making love,  
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
And make you suffer, as you ought,  
For that uncharitable fault. 310

But I forget myself, and rove  
Beyond th' instructions of my love.

Forgive me, fair, and only blame  
Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
Since 'tis too much, at once to shew  
Excess of love and temper too. 315

All I have said that's bad, and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you;  
Who have so sov'reign a controul  
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320  
That rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;

Both with an equal pow'r possesse,  
To render all that serve you blest :  
But none like him, who's destin'd either 325  
To have, or lose you, both together.

And if you'll but this fault release,  
(For so it must be, since you please,)  
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
And expiate upon my skin

Th' arrears in full of all my sin.  
For 'tis but just that I should pay  
Th' accruing penance for delay,  
Which shall be done, until it move 335  
Your equal pity, and your love.

The Knight, perusing this epistle,  
Believ'd he'd brought her to his whistle :

370 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

And read it like a jocund lover,  
With great applause t' himself, twice over: 340

Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit;

And dated it with wond'rous art,

"Giv'n from the bottom of my heart;"

Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 445

A smoaking faggot,---and above,

Upon a scroll,---"I burn and weep,"

And near it, "For her Ladyship;

"Of all her sex most excellent,

"These to her gentle hand present." 350

Then gave it to his faithful Squire,

With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter.

But guessing that it might import, 355

Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,

She open'd it, and read it out;

With many a smile and leering flout:

Resolv'd to answer it in kind,

And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

T H E  
L A D Y ' s   A N S W E R

T O   T H E  
K N I G H T.

**T**HAT you're a beast, and turn'd to graft,  
Is not strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
When both your sword and spurs were won     5  
In combat by an Amazon :  
That sword that did, like Fate, determine,  
Th' inevitable death of vermine ;  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
But cut the throats of pigs and cows ;             10  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners :  
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,             15  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on honourable conditions,  
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;  
And what return that favour met,  
You cannot, tho' you would, forget :             20  
When being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made ;  
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd and justify'd it :



372 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25  
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.  
 For while you sneakingly submit,  
 And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
 To hope for quarter for your ears: 30  
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
 You claim as boldly as your due ;  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th' only course ;  
 We have no title nor pretence 35  
 To body, soul, or conscience ;  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware.  
 These are the motives, which, t' induce  
 Or fright us into love, you use. 40  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting ;  
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
 For charity at once, and threat.  
 But since you undertake to prove 45  
 Your own propriety in love,  
 As if we were but lawful prize  
 In war, between two enemies ;  
 Or forfeitures, which every lover,  
 That would but sue for, might recover ; 50  
 It is not hard to understand  
 The my'stry of this bold demand ;  
 That cannot at our persons aim,  
 But something capable of claim.  
 'Tis not these paltry counterfeit 55  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,

But our bright diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your am'rous hearts on fire :  
 Nor can those false St Martin's beads  
 Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60  
 And make us wear like Indian dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames;  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock.  
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth; 65  
 That you are so transported with;  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects.  
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The perriwigs you make us wear; 70  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wild-fire in your breasts.  
 These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unriddle by their tones, 75  
 Their mystic cabals, and jargons;  
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds;  
 What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house; 80  
 What ecstasy, and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money, in my name;  
 What from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle takes its fire;  
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill and bond.

374 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

These are th' attracts which most men fall  
 Enamour'd at first sight, withal; 90  
 To these th' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades:  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves, in vain;  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;  
 That all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment in your choice of love; 100  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study't as an art;  
 For love should, like a Deodand,  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;  
 And where there's substance for its ground, 105  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound  
 Than that which has the slighter basis  
 Of airy virtue, wit and graces;  
 Which is of such thin subtilty,  
 It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110  
 And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again, as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold and precious stones,  
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115  
 As solid, and as glorious love.  
 Hence 'tis, you have no way t' express  
 Our charms and graces, but by these:  
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120

But rubies, pearls and diamonds,  
 With which, as philtres, love commands?  
 This is the way all parents prove,  
 In managing their children's love;  
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125  
 As if th' were bur'ing of the dead.  
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
 To join in wedlock all they have;  
 And when the settlement's in force,  
 Take all the rest, for better or worse: 130  
 For money has a pow'r above  
 The stars and fate, to manage love;  
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
 That never miss, are tip'd with gold.  
 And tho' some say, the parents' claims 135  
 To make love in their children's names;  
 Who many times at once provide  
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride;  
 Feel darts and charms, attracts, and flames,  
 And woo, and contract, in their names: 140  
 And as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em:  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for money.  
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145  
 Who often do't for worse than nothing:  
 And when th' are at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage chuse.  
 All this is right; but for the course  
 You take to do't by fraud, or force, 150  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 113

# 376 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

No more than fetters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.  
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
 Which all men either break or bow:  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo?  
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,  
 For earnest to their treachery: 160  
 And rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less;  
 I like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to th' last;  
 And when their crimes were made appear 165  
 As plain as witnesses can swear;  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their oath a lie.  
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd,  
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being as shamefully deny'd.  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank on both sides of a case;  
 Or credit were not to be lost, 175  
 B' a brave knight-errant of the post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board:  
 Can own the same thing and disown,  
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*: 180  
 Can make the gospel serve its turn,  
 And help him out to be forsworn;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,  
 To be betray'd, and sold like Christ.  
 These are the virtues; in whose name 185  
 A right to all the world you claim,

And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In grace and nature, o'er all women;  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny, 190  
 Altho' you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a num'rous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you :  
 For if you were all Solomons, 195  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You'll find they're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon,  
 'Tis by your own temptation done: 200  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the flight.  
 For when we find y' are still more taken  
 With false attracts of your own making,  
 Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone, 205  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on;  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme :  
 You force us, in our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences; 210  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces :  
 And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit ;  
 For, by the practice of those arts 215  
 We gain a greater share of hearts,  
 And those deserve in reason most,  
 That greatest pains and study cost :  
 For great perfections are, like Heav'n,  
 Too rich a present to be giv'n, 220

Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty ;  
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple natural excel.

How fair and sweet's the planted rose, 215  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows ?

For, without art, the noblest seeds  
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.

How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond? 230

Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care.

The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Would be but one great wilderness ;  
 And mankind but a savage herd, 235

For all that nature has conferr'd.

This does but rough-hew, and design,  
 Leaves art to polish and refine,

Tho' women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them agen : 240

For when (outwitted by his wife)

Man first turn'd tenant but for life ;

If women had not interven'd,

How soon had mankind had an end !

And that it is in being yet, 245

To us alone you are in debt.

And where's your liberty of choice,

And our unnatural No-voice ?

Since all the privilege you boast,

And false usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250

Is now our right, to whose creation

You owe your happy restoration.

And if we had not weighty cause

To not appear in making laws,

THE LADY'S ANSWER. 379

We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
 And shallow formal politics,  
 Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265  
 In ord'ring you, and your affairs:  
 When all your empire and command,  
 You have from us at second hand;  
 As if a pilot, that appears  
 To sit still only while he steers, 270  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like ev'ry common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card nor star,  
 And did not guide the man of war:  
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In councils, do not govern there:  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise  
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a power unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men:  
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make Emp'rors at our feet fall down;  
 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;



380 THE LADY'S ANSWER

Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
Can judge the judges and the Cause; 290  
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
To th' long robe and the longer tongue;  
'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more powerful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight 295  
In all your world's affairs of state;  
Are ministers of war and peace;

That sway all nations how we please.  
We rule all churches and their flocks;  
Heretical and orthodox; 300

And are the heav'nly vehicles  
Of th' spirits, in all conventicles;  
By us is all commerce and trade:  
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd:  
For nothing can go off so well; 305

Nor bears that price, as what we sell,  
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting;  
Are magistrates in all great towns;  
Where men do nothing, but wear gowns. 310

We make the man of war strike fail;  
And to our braver conduct veil;  
And, when he has chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state; 315  
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate;  
That's haughty or imperious?  
He's but a journeyman to us:

THE LADY'S ANSWER. 381

That as he gives us cause to do't,  
Can keep him in or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians that increase,  
Or waste your fortunes how we please :  
And, as your humour is, can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose alone, 325  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust;  
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330  
And force you t' own 'em, tho' begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorousst course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse ;  
Who still the harsher we are us'd, 335  
Are further off from being reduc'd ;  
And scorn t' abate for any ills,  
The least punctilios of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
Arts, born with us, for remedy ; 340

Which all your politics, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat :  
For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,  
What fools d' we make of you in plays ?

While all the favours we afford, 345  
Are but to gird you with the sword,  
To fight our battles in our steads,  
And have your brains beat out o' your heads :  
Encounter, in despite of nature,  
And fight at once with fire and water, 350

# 382 THE LADY'S ANSWER.

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;  
 To do your exercise for honour, 355  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known:  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are prepost'rous; 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws;  
 And turn them which way we see cause:  
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty powr's  
 You vainly boast, to cry down ours;  
 And what in real value's wanting,  
 Supply with vapouring and ranting: 370  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride;  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be outthor'd, and submit:  
 By your example, lose that right 375  
 In treaties, which we gain'd in fight;  
 And terrify'd into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law:  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race; 380  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

T H E E N D.







